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A CRADLE HYMN.

BY MARY E. R. THORNE.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!"
Sings a mother soft and low,
"With no thought of care to cumber,"
Gently rocking to and fro.

Thus as one who sees a vision,
Hovers round the golden head,
Visitant from realms elysian—
"Holy angels guard thy bed."

Thus she sings while gathering shadows
Close around the dying day,
Mantle hills, and lakes, and meadows,
In a veil of silver gray;

While above the misty azure
Gleams with stars like angel eyes,
"Heavenly blessings without measure
Fall," she prays, "from Paradise."

And the little one reposing
Peacefully on mother's breast,
In sweet sleep his eyelids closing,
Like a blossom sinks to rest.

Still the mother bending o'er him,
Lifts her soul in earnest prayer,
Thinking of the path before him—
"May the Mightiest shield him there!"

On his soul that fond petition
With a pen of light is traced;
Some time it shall bring fruition—
"Whether o'er earth's dreary waste
Long and widely he shall wander,
Or in soon life's path grow dim,
Surely here or over yonder
Shall be heard that mother's hymn."

And like seed that long lay hidden
"Neath the unrequiring mold,
Then springs up at last unbidden,
Bringing forth an hundred-fold,
So these words of life, the sowing
Of a mother's love, some day
Some glad day in God's light growing,
Shall be garnered up above."

CHAUTAUQUA CHIMES.

BY REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM HAVEN.

An afternoon's ride up into the
beautiful hill country of northwestern
Massachusetts, and through the short
night of the Hoosac Tunnel; a longer
night from Albany to Elmira; and a
morning's run through the romantic
valleys of the Chemung and the Genesee,
take you from Boston to Jamestown,
the thriving little city of about
twelve thousand inhabitants, at the
eastern end of Lake Chautauqua.

Here, by horse-car or carriage, you
transfer yourself to the steamboats
which have gotten to the little wharf
from somewhere, and are getting up
steam to go somewhere, but where it
would puzzle you to guess, for there
hardly seems to be water enough for
the boats to turn around in. Soon the
paddles beat, and off you go, turning
a sharp bend, and then turning again,
and again and again, slowly working
your way out a crooked, narrow
stream that spreads like a Southern
swamp into the woods which hedge
you in on every side. Now the boat
rubs the bottom, now she grazes the
bank, now she sounds her whistle and
another answers from the wood.
You think you must have about gotten
back to Jamestown, and are ready to
look up at the little house on the bluff,
when the lake opens out before you,
the boat trembles under the increased
speed, and you give yourself to the
enjoyment of the scene.

It is restful. The blue waters
stretching away twenty to thirty miles,
the shores two or three miles apart
covered with well-tilled farms, and
noble forests coming down into wood-
ed points, have a quiet, soothing influ-
ence, disturbed only by the cool
breezes and the merry sound of the
steamers flitting from landing to land-
ing up and down the lake. All too
soon a crowded wharf is reached, you
have passed through a tumble-down
looking sort of entrance, and are actu-
ally in Chautauqua.

Pause, and, paradoxically speak-
ing, take in the environment. Every-
where the avenues open, shaded with
beautiful trees, and lined with tents
and cottages. In the distance to the
left you can see the great hotel, its
piazzas crowded with guests. As you
go toward it, you pass a model of Je-
rusalem. Denying yourself the lecture
explaining the sacred places, you go
on by an Oriental house, and the book
store, and notion counters, and if you
are of a pious turn of mind you enter
the "Holy Land," and wend your

way from Beersheba to Dan. You
stop a while at Hebron, make a de-
tour to the hills overlooking the Dead
Sea, and watch the small boys study-
ing Scripture geography and sailing
their boats at the same time. By
and by you reach Mt. Hermon. Here
you can rest, looking out on Lake
Chautauqua—the Mediterranean.

While you are resting, I will tell
you a little about the place. More
than a dozen years ago, this pleasant
spot, called "Fair Point," was se-
cured for a camp-meeting. It was
used for this purpose when Dr. Vin-
cent decided to locate the Sunday-
school Assembly here. The Associa-
tion now owns a hundred acres, all
laid out in avenues and parks. They
have given up the old auditorium for
the amphitheatre, a curiosity naturally,
and a great success as an audience-
room. They have built an elegant
hotel, able to accommodate four or
five hundred guests. They have a
Temple for the children, a Normal
Hall, a Hall of Philosophy, a Mu-
seum, a number of recitation build-
ings, a skating-rink, a gymnasium, and
(I don't know whether the Association
owns it or not) a roller coaster.

I have not mentioned the printing-office,
the chapel, the pyramid, the taberna-
cle, and you yourself will have to
breathe in the atmosphere of happi-
ness, eagerness, devoutness and en-
thusiasm which makes these otherwise
dry bones part of a living body.

Listen! That is the latest acqui-
sition. It is the chime—the genius
of the place. How sweet these notes on
the evening air! Morning, noon and
night you will hear them, feel them,
be stirred and comforted by them.

They are typical, for the melody of
the place is many-voiced, yet one.

THE ASSEMBLY BELL.

This calls to normal exercises.
Every day Prof. Hurlburt, Worden,
Holmes, Vincent and others give
lectures and lessons on Bible studies,
normal studies, and all the lines of
work fitting Sunday-school teachers
for greater usefulness. This was the
first bell in the chime, and its sound
is sweet and steady now.

THE UNIVERSITY.

This is one of the big bells. Way
out there to the west are the groves
to which the guide-board "Acade-
mia" points. In the groves are the
Latin and Greek buildings, and here
and there on the seats under the trees
you can see the busy student "cram-
ming."

By the post-office are the
Anglo-Saxon, French and German
rooms, and in the Children's Temple
the Hebrew sanctuary. In the little
chapel Professor Cunneen has his
classes in elocution, and over in an-
other room the business college is in
session. Up in the Museum the
classes in the arts are busy. It is
really like a college turned out on to
the campus. But this is not the Uni-
versity. This is the School of Lan-
guages and special classes. The Uni-
versity is wholly on paper, and that
in a good sense, since it is teaching
by correspondence. If you have any
doubt as to the feasibility of the
plan, just wander down the "History
of Rome" (this is an avenue with
posts every few feet labeled with the
successive facts in the history, and so
arranged that one can "run through"
the history in a few minutes), and
seeing yourself in the Amphitheatre,
listen to the far-reaching plans of the
University as they are explained by
the Chancellor. They include all the
schools mentioned, and instruction in
almost everything by correspond-
ence, with some of the most
distinguished men in the country—
specialists in their departments. If
after this there is still the remnant of
a doubt as to the wisdom of calling
this most valuable movement a Uni-
versity, let this letter which I picked
up at the post-office dissipate the rem-
nant:—

C. '85, 8, 17.

DEAR MA: Send me some more
"skips." I'm "busted." I am very
well. Good-by.

Your affectionate son,
J. W. Y.

A VACATION RESORT.

This is no insignificant note in the
Chautauqua harmony. In these days
when everybody must go somewhere
during a portion of July or August,
it is no wonder that thousands and
thousands and thousands come to
Chautauqua. It is cool and healthy.
It is full of rational fun for the chil-
dren—rowing and fishing and bath-

ing mixed with temperance talks
and chalk talks, and illuminated
floets, and all sorts of other
schemes for their amusement. It
gives older people a chance to meet
their friends from all over the Union,
and yet to live in retirement in their
cottages if they wish. It provides
daily at the Amphitheatre and else-
where lectures and concerts—wit
and wisdom from the rarest and best
speakers, even to satiety. It takes
you out of the ruts of your year's
work by jostling you against some
totally different worker, and still it
keeps your mind pleasantly active.
You are a merchant, the man beside
you is an organist, that other gentle-
man is an electrician, that lady a
lecturer; your sympathetic interest in
their work will both rest and broaden
you. One can hardly measure the
further good which comes from the
interweaving of these different lives
on a common level; the minister and
the cartoonist sit down together, and
each helps the other in the preparing
for further preaching.

You may think I have forgotten
the

C. L. S. C.

Not so. Though not the largest of
the bells, its music reaches almost the
world around. You know what these
letters stand for. You will not make
the mistake one gentleman did who
thought they stood for Chautauqua
Lake Steamboat Company. If you
are bewildered, however, follow the
finger-board to the office opposite the
milk stand, and question the wide-
awake-looking secretary as long as
you think courteous, and, through her
kindness, you will hear the echoes of
the Chautauqua Literary and Scien-
tific Circle from far-off Japan and
even Africa. How wonderfully this
institution has grown! It numbers a
hundred thousand members, and yet
some one thought Dr. Vincent a
dreamer when he emphatically asserted
some years ago that the Circle
would some day have "a thousand
readers."

How sweetly this bell has sounded,
how many latent harmonies it has
awakened into being! Look at the
happy faces of those present who are
preparing to march under the arches
and up to their "recognition." Think
on the hundreds in distant homes who
will keep heart-step with them. This
bell hath rung that cheer. Long and
far may its tones go forth!

The big bell of the chime is

THE DR. VINCENT BELL.

Hourly it rings, everywhere it is
heard, perfectly it sounds with all its
mating, and deep and full it utters its
sustaining tone. What is the power
of this greater fellow, giving charac-
ter and feeling to the harmony of the
whole? I will not try to tell you all
the secret of this bell. But come
with me. Leave Mt. Hermon, walk
up to the Hall in the Grove. It is
the Hall of Philosophy, but of Chris-
tian philosophy. It is the Sabbath
vesper hour. A holy hush rests with
the "quilted sunlight" on the assem-
bled thousands. The service of con-
secration, of faith, of trust, is read
and sung. A few words are spoken;
they are catholic, they are sym-
pathetic—sympathetic with hearts that
are in trial, that are reaching Christ-
ward. Over all broods the Holy
Spirit, and from under His wings
comes a new creation. Here is the
secret of the bells: The soul of the
great bell is true to Christ, to His
power to awaken, to regenerate, to
sanctify. This voices the chime.
This makes its morning notes an
angel matin, calling to a new day of
gladsome service for the Master, and
its evening tones a curfew of peace,
peace.

As long as the salt and water of
consecration to Christ holds its virtue
on these bells, so long may the Chris-
tian Church pray the Lord to bear on
the evening and the morning winds,
the circuit of the earth, the hallowed
tones of the Chautauqua Chimes!

BILLY HIBBARD AND THE MOR- MON.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

Billy Hibbard, a very eccentric
member of the New York Confer-
ence, resided during several of his
later years at Canaan, N. Y. Unable
to preach regularly, he nevertheless
supplied occasionally the pulpits in

the Stockbridge and adjacent circuits,
to the delight and edification of
the people. He was always fresh
and quaint. Often were his views
original and forcibly expressed. He
knew how to drive a nail in a sure
place. Above most of his associates
was he a born and trained controver-
sialist. The dominant heresy, the
big thunder of misbelief in his time,
was Calvinism, which he pursued
metaphorically with fire and sword,
giving no quarter to the enemy. The
great questions in debate before the
people he used carefully and thor-
oughly to study; and any new
which appeared on the surface, he
often critically examined before it
had become at all familiar to the
people. On entering his room one day I
saw a pile of books on his table
treating of the views of William
Miller in regard to the end of the
world. Though the subject was yet
new, the final conflagration not having
yet come, he remarked that he had
read sixty volumes on it, which must
have been nearly all then published.

At an early day the strange hal-
lucination known as Mormonism
appeared and took root in the vicinity.
The first converts in the region were
made in the adjoining town of New
Lebanon, but their gathering place,
preparatory to their removal to Zion,
was in Canaan, not far from the
residence of Billy Hibbard. The
growth of the sect was amazing.
From zero it came, in a few years,
to have there a membership of one
hundred and fifty or more. At
first the converts came from obscure
places, most of them having been
non-church-goers and people of ex-
ceptionable morals. Among the early
converts were Parley and Orson Pratt,
the former once a famous and efficient
missionary and apostle, and the latter
still a high dignitary of their church
in Salt Lake and a authoritative ex-
pounder of the Mormon faith. The
Pratts were clever sinners, with strong
will and brawny muscle, richly
endowed in the animal economy, but
defective in the spiritual, better
adapted, one would say, to act the
part of a pugilist than to assume the
role of the scholar or saint. But,
though coarse and earthy, they were
resolute and ambitious to excel rather
in feats of labor or the boxing match
than in the virtues of sainthood. The
Mormon gospel, however, struck the
fancy and tastes of these men, and
extended to them an opportunity for
the display of their talents. The
brothers embraced the new faith, and
in due time bent their course to the
land of promise in the West. Well
do I recall the day when Orson started
for the Mormon country. In passing
my father's house, he stopped and
leaned over the gate as he spoke a few
final words, and then with rustic attire
and his coat on his arm, he trudged
along the dusty way, to join the
caravan as it moved toward Nauvoo,
the holy city of the period.

Obscure as were the Pratts, whom
the most imaginative people would
never have selected as apostles and
prophets of a new faith, the other
Mormon disciples of the place were
still more inconspicuous. They were
the dregs of the community, mostly
very poor and usually shiftless, people
waiting for something to turn up, or
for some favorable wind to waft them
on to fortune. Unlike Cassius, they
thought the fault was not in them-
selves, but in the stars, that they were
"underlings;" and the appearance of
this new star in the West, heralding
the prophet and final revelation of
God, furnished their opportunity.
And they did not fail to embrace it
and make the most of it. They be-
came zealous Mormons, many of
them, less conspicuous than the
Pratts, aiding in building up the
fortunes of the strange sect in the far
West. Their departure was regarded
as no loss, rather as a relief, to the
community where they had been
brought up. By the people, the final
emigration of these refuse elements
was regarded as the unfolding of a
beautiful Providence. They were
glad to be rid of them.

Meantime there happened an event
which gave to this mongrel mass an
air of importance and an element of
popularity. To their number, so
largely made up of "the baser sort,"
there was added curiously a man from
the better class of society, with wealth,
intelligence, social position and repu-
table life. John Van Cott belonged

to the rustic aristocracy, and was of
good report among his neighbors—the
last man, one would think, to
unite his fortunes with these religious
vagrants. A young man, who had
inherited wealth, who had taken a
beautiful woman as a wife from one
of the leading families of the country
and had built an attractive home,
could not conclude to pull up and
follow these tramps into the wilder-
ness. But it was whispered that
John Van Cott had turned Mormon.
The neighbors said it could not be
true; it was impossible that a man
could be so unwise and reckless; but
it was true. This reputable young
man, like many another, had a screw
loose, and he was foolhardy enough to
cast in his fortunes with the Mor-
mons, and he is in Salt Lake to-day,
having added to his one original and
attractive wife eleven others less
attractive, but whose souls needed to
be saved by union with the faithful.

The conversion of Van Cott gave a
fresh impulse to the Mormon move-
ment in the locality. His presence
made it seem quite respectable. A
sneer and toss of the head were no
longer a sufficient answer to the
teachers of the strange faith. With
this important re-enforcement, the
work of conversion went on with
increased rapidity, daily additions
being made to the number of pros-
elytes; and with the increase of num-
bers, the Mormon leaders grew bold
in their assertions and movements.
In his excessive confidence, the Mor-
mon preacher, a man of ready wit
and tongue-craft, threw out a chal-
lenge for any one to discuss with him
in open mass-meeting the merits of
the Mormon faith and practice. At
first no one accepted the challenge.
The Mormon would have the advan-
tage in the debate, as he was familiar
with the current and incoming faith;
and no other was supposed to be
familiar with the peculiarities of the
new religion. Probably he anticipated
no acceptance of his challenge for this
reason.

But there was one in the place who
had observed the movements of the
new evangelists, and though 82 years
of age, had taken pains to under-
stand the system they were setting
before the people. Billy Hibbard
was well read in the history and
principles of Mormonism. Not satis-
fied with a study of the Book of
Mormon, whole chapters of which he
could write verbatim, he had searched
every fugitive piece in newspaper,
magazine and pamphlet for facts and
statements on the subject, sending to
England as well as to different parts
of America for material.

With this furnishing for the com-
bat, he accepted the challenge, and
the order was arranged. Little did
the stranger understand what kind of
a cur he had by the ear; but the
people of the vicinity understood and
knew very well there would be music
when the combatants should enter the
arena. If the challenger should get
off with a whole skin, they knew he
would be more fortunate than most
who had encountered this redoubtable
controversialist. The Mormon was
tonguey and specious; his opponent
was able and astute, capable of going
below the surface and of hoisting his
very foundations with charges of logi-
cal and theological dynamite.

On the appointed day, the people
assembled in the Methodist Church at
Flat Brook. There was a crowd,
filling the house and the grounds
around it, eager to catch every syl-
lable. The combatants came in armed
with their documents. The chair-
man took his seat, arranged the order
and announced the opening of the de-
bate. The disputants were to have
an hour each alternately through the
day. The challenger opened the de-
bate, and was followed by Uncle Hib-
bard. The fencing on either side
was admirable. The Mormon im-
proved the opportunity to open to the
people the truth and beauties of the
Latter Day faith, while his opponent
labored to expose its weak and bad
side. Both were active and diligent
in the performance of their one work;
both were not alike successful, as we
shall see further along.

The debate ran on for three days.
The interest never once flagged. At
the skill and adroitness of the Mor-
mon, who held himself easily in the
saddle, the people were not a little
surprised. Often hard thrust at by
his opponent, he was never once un-

horsed in the first two days. He had
come to be admired for his handsome
riding in the presence of such a
"plumed knight." In the long con-
test, the outcome remained uncertain.
The main purpose of Hibbard was,
not simply to extinguish the Mormon,
but to enlighten the people as to the
nature of the faith so many of them
seemed ready to embrace. This main
purpose in taking up the debate he
accomplished satisfactorily.

On the third day, feeling assured
that the way was prepared, he made
the bold charge that, whatever might
be true of the rank and file, the lead-
ers in this strange movement were
rogues. The charge was a bold one,
and was deftly parried by his oppo-
nent, who appealed to the intelligence
and candor of the audience as to
whether such an assumption was gen-
tlemanly and Christian. In such a
free debate it ought to be assumed,
until the contrary was proved, that he
was a man of common honesty. He
certainly had the advantage of his
opponent, and, in this appeal, did not
fail to carry the sympathies of his
audience. Billy Hibbard, who at
once perceived that he had traveled
ahead of his audience, gracefully
yielded to the pressure from the re-
flecting wave of popular sympathy, though
he did not retract his statement. He
simply waited and watched his oppor-
tunity, ready to spring on his prey
when the opportune moment should
arrive.

The Mormon arose to open his
hour by reading a long and able doc-
ument. Hibbard objected, on the
ground that this was to be a debate.
The chair, however, very properly
decided that he was free to go on, as
nothing had been settled as to whether
or not the debate should be entirely
extemporaneous. To this decision of
the chair he gracefully yielded; but
inquired of his opponent whether this
document was his own composition,
or a quotation he was making in con-
firmation of his position. He replied
that it was an original composition,
and was allowed to go on to the end.

At the conclusion Hibbard said,
"I want to read." The chair
assented. "The document I am
about to read," he continued, "is not
my own composition. It was written
by such a man, and published such a
year in Liverpool." He then began
and read out in a full, distinct and
deliberate voice the very same treat-
ise read by his opponent. The effect
on the audience was overwhelming.
The exposed plagiarist tried to rally,
but in vain. His grip was lost. By
this bit of dynamite, his craft which
had skimmed so gracefully on the
surface of the waves, was blown com-
pletely out of the waters and torn to
fragments. The rogues charged by
Hibbard had become patent to the
most obtuse. They had no need to
go to Nauvoo to find it; it had turned
up right under their own eyes.

From that day to this the Mormons
have never made another convert in
the region. Those already inveigled
soon picked up and fled to the wilder-
ness; others approaching the charmed
circle were aroused to a sense of their
danger and restored to their normal
sense. This single explosion cleared
the atmosphere, and made a fresh
growth of Mormonism impossible.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. R. WHARTLEY, D. D.

RESTING.

Resting while grievously-needed re-
pairs are effected in the church edifice;
resting while the majority of regular
worshippers therein are seeking refuge
from the torrid heats of the city in the
coolness of the country; resting in the
mountainous region through which the
changeable Delaware—dividing-line be-
tween the commonwealths of Pennsylv-
ania and New York—winds its tortuous
course to the sea; resting near the spot
where the bodies of two little sleepers
wait in hope of a glorious resurrection;
resting while doing as much preaching,
and more reading and writing than is
always convenient in a regular pasto-
rate—this long-linked sentence explains
the situation exactly. The daily news-
paper is an extremely uncertain quan-
tity, the tri-daily mail shivered into a
tri-weekly, the telegraph boy as in-
frequent as the Flying Dutchman, and the
monotonous ring at the door-bell an im-
possible thing, mainly because there is
no bell to ring, and subordinately be-
cause there are so very few that are at
all likely to ring a bell if there were
one.

RAIN.

Rain, rain, rain, veiling the verdant
hills in shimmering lace; pattering in

soothing monotone on the shingle roof;
dissolving the griefs of gray tumbling
clouds in tears of fruitfulness and bless-
ing. How it rains! Not with the angry
grumble and rumble of thunder, or the
sharp flash of lightning, or the gyrations
and pyrotechnics of brief summer show-
ers, but with the steadfastness of delib-
erate purpose, and the serious energy
that becomes a worthy and long-delayed
duty. Let it rain! The brown tints of
scorched pastures tell of the fierceness
of dog-days, but the tender green of the
sugar maple is eloquent with the prom-
ise of spring. Nature takes fresh hold
of life in her copious bath, and devotes
the energy gathered from the tepid
water to the perfect fulfillment of allotted
duty.

RAFTING.

Millions of little rills, striping the
sides of the mountains, gather volume
and force in the obscurity of the glens,
and roaringly triumph over the stones
in their haste to swell the torrent of the
principal stream. See! It has risen no
less than six or seven feet within the
past twenty-four hours. Its once trans-
lucent waters are now a brown and
turbid flood. Many, many tons of
earthy matter it is bearing along to de-
posit in the shoals of Delaware Bay,
and to fill up the baylets on both sides
its own rugged channel. But it is also
bearing on its whirling eddies huge rafts
of hemlock and hard woods, drawn from
the forest regions miles away in the
back country. Time was, and that just
thirty years ago, when the scribe was
first sent out into the lumbering dis-
tricts to taste the delights of roughing it
as a Methodist itinerant, that the slopes
of the fluvial hills were clothed with
dense thickets of dark-green hemlock.
The leachy flats on the river banks
had already been denuded of their valu-
able growth of white pine, and un-
sightly stumps alone attested their van-
ished grandeur. Now the eye seeks in
vain for a solitary hemlock. All the as-
piring conifers have fallen under the
woodman's axe, and their decapitated
bodies gone to rot in river piles, or to
render short service in the construction
of wooden homes. Stricken, scarred,
and ghastly, these desecrated hill-sides
glowered in sullen wrath upon the slay-
ers; covered in anguish under the desol-
ating fires that licked up everything
fresh and beautiful; and put on mourn-
ing robes of deadest blackness over the
havoc that man had wrought.

But all this is of the past—the yester-
day. To day every valley and hill is
radiant in vesture of golden green.
Maple, beech, chestnut, cherry, aspen,
ash, elm, oak, and walnut vie with each
other in the effort to impart a gladder
aspect than was possible to the ancient
monotony of grandeur. Even so out of
the char and dust of former possessions
may spring, in God's good providence,
the rich and various blessings that make
the present better than the past. Where
is He not? What are the circumstances
in which the germs of future joy are
not striving to find root and develop-
ment?

But we did not set out to poetize, nor
to philosophize, nor to preach, but to
talk about rafting. Rafting will soon
be a reminiscence in this region. "Ten
years more will see the end of the lum-
ber!" exclaims the bronzed veteran,
who longs for another trip down the
river with as much of fire and force as
the old charger is supposed to feel for
the battle. Nevertheless, the rafts are
running still—200,000 feet, more or
less, in one of sawed lumber—some-
thing less than an acre of logs in rec-
tangular shape, 200 by 70 feet. Now
quietly drifting, now pushing, pulling,
shouting, straining, damp, perspiring,
sloppy, the raftsmen enjoy the excite-
ment of running riffs, balking bridges,
entering eddies, evading colliding en-
counters, and landing lastly at Trenton
or Bordentown in the distant Jerseys.

DELAWARE METHODISTS.

What a race of Methodists these
raftsmen are! More vigorous, if possi-
ble, were their predecessors. This ex-
ercise with axe and saw made lungs like
those of Steno. Memory fondly re-
calls the voice of one raftsmen's wife.
It was peculiar, remarkable, wonderful
—a concentration of twenty powerful
coffee-mills—and mighty through God
to bring sinners to repentance. Aunt
Lury was a marvelous exhorter, inco-
venient at times, when she exercised her
gift in the middle of a sermon—until
the preacher learned enough to stop till
she was through.

Methodism early made converts
among the German settlers on the Del-
aware. In that yesterday, thirty years
gone by, their assaults on the primitive
forests were fierce. Three or four
miles back of the river it would not pay
to haul logs to its brink. Therefore the
trees fell in rows, and when withered
by one summer's sun, were cremated in
heaps. Not cremated entirely, perhaps,
for we have vivid memories of honest-
faced, brawny-armed, ample-waisted
wives and mothers toiling amid the
smoking ashes, and handling crowbar
and handspike with a vigor and deter-
mination that augured ill for the head
of the house in case of domestic dissen-
sion. They were help-meets, however,
and the triumph visible in each broad
visage, as the last charred log was
secured on top of the impregnable
fence, somehow or other conveyed as-
surance of welcome to the Methodist
Preacher.

(Continued on page 8.)

Miscellaneous.

A SUMMER CARNIVAL IN CANADA.

BY MARK TRAFTON.

SECOND PAPER.

My last paper left me matriculated in the Theological College of Montreal, an institution of which the Methodists of this part of the great British Empire may be justly proud—a solid granite structure, with a spacious lot adjoining for future enlargement, and an ample and well-arranged dwelling for the president's family. Opened two years since, with rooms for forty students, its last catalogue showing a list of thirty—no females—it is a pronounced success. It stands in a commanding position, fronting a wide street, while its extended wing containing the rooms for students, and a spacious hall on the first floor, faces another street. I have no recollection of the names of the streets of this fine city, but there they are, notwithstanding. On a tablet in the spacious hall I read this inscription: "James Ferrier Hall." Senator Ferrier, a long-time and successful merchant of this city, 85 years of age, straight as an arrow, active as a youth of twenty-five (used to be), with an eye not dimmed by years, and a step showing no loss of elasticity, honored and beloved by the people, is a liberal patron of this rising college. He is the Jacob Sleeper (pardon me, my Boston friend) of Montreal Methodism.

The site of this institution might well be called the Athens of Montreal, inasmuch as it has been selected as the seat of a Congregational and a Presbyterian Theological School and a great medical college. The very air seems permeated with theologic dogma and physiologic contradictions; one could snuff controversy in the wind.

After a night's heavy sleep, I woke, and the "Sabbath drew on," and so did a cold northeast rain-storm. The Doctor gave me the arranged programme for the day. Bishop Foster is to preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and at 3 P. M. the fortieth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the St. James Church will be observed, with the gathering of the Sunday-schools, and an address by the Bishop's chaplain! Monday evening the Bishop's lecture would be given, all which was duly carried out.

St. James Church will seat some two thousand people, and a good audience assembled to hear the American prelate. I took a seat with Bro. Torrance, as the rules of this church require officiating clergymen to appear in gown, cassock and bands, and there were but two dresses in the vestry and I had not my ample waterproof toga with me. I confess to an involuntary smile as I saw the Bishop rise in that medieval costume, but though I had no thought of the Bishop's failure, I comforted myself with the compensating thought that should he fail, we can say the dress was a misfit and embarrassed him. But he did not fail, and yet I could see that the toggy cramped him, and he could have done better in coat and pants.

I am now about to make a confession of an act the extent and possible effect of which I did not then fully realize, as who does when a sudden temptation assails one? Passing the next day the photographic saloon of J. G. Parks, 197 St. James Street (I am thus particular in order that the reparation may be the more complete), I cast a glance upon the collection of pictures suspended by the door, and to my surprise there looked out upon me the smiling face of one of our prominent and popular American Methodist ministers in full canonicals, holding the prayer-book in his hands. Like a flash the temptation came, and acquiescence followed as quickly. "Lend me your waterproof," said I to my attending guide, Dr. Potts. "Yes," said he, "I'll step in and get it"—only the next door to the photographic saloon. Now let it be most distinctly marked and remembered, that the Doctor, though an Irishman, and fond of a guileless joke, bears no responsibility for this youthful indiscretion of mine, but was doing an act of kindness to me, which he was repeating all the time I was with him. So with the fatal garment and bands under my arm (alas! it will encircle me in its burning folds, like the shirt of Nessus, as long as I live, *mea culpa!*), I mounted the stairs and asked the operator to give me a sitting, or rather a standing. Yes, he could do it. "I will be taken in these things, if you will help me on with them," for the smiling Doctor had disappeared. And so I was arrayed in the flowing garment, and the deed was done. I received the package in Boston some time after, and then for the first time the full atrocity of the act appeared as the thought struck

like a blow in the face—that picture (may it fade out!) will be placed in the show-case, and perchance some passer-by may ask, "Who is that in costume?" and the answer will be, "An American Bishop who preached in St. James Church in July, 1885!"

The missionary exercises came off as announced, and the active Senator Ferrier was there with the same Masonic instruments—the mallet and silver trowel—which he used in laying the corner-stone forty years before. And this venerable church is to be abandoned, as the growth of the business portion of the city has crowded the population back, and a site selected further up town.

Monday as the Bishop had to lecture in the evening, we walked around the city and looked into some of the churches—the old and grand Notre Dame, and St. Aloysius, the splendid French Cathedral. The frescoes in this last-named are not surpassed, we were told, by anything seen in Rome. One sees here, more distinctly than with us, thorough Romanism—a system as unlike the simple Gospel of Christ as it is possible to conceive; it is pure Mariology—worship of a woman. Her image is seen everywhere, and prayers are constantly offered to her as intercessor. If Christ appears at all, it is as a babe in the arms of Mary. One may take the name of God or Christ in vain, or link them with most blasphemous language, and no offense will be taken, but the two names which most quickly inflame a Romanist, if trifled with or reproached, are the holy Virgin and the Pope. The weakness of this entire system of Romanism is seen in its effect upon its adherents; what these descendants of the old French immigrants are today, is what their fathers were three hundred years ago. As the Jesuits found the Indian tribes in the opening of the sixteenth century when they put a drop of water upon them and made the sign of the cross, and called them Christians, so are they to-day, low, ignorant, brutal, and bloodthirsty; no education, no refinement, no enterprise, no conception of spiritual things, because they are trained in a system of sensuous worship. It is the worship of a finite being, a woman, and the example and merits of a horde of very questionable human beings raised to a fancied sainthood by a concave of men in Rome, and the flat of men called popes, many of whom, cardinals and popes, were of the vilest men who ever degraded humanity. Saints, forsooth! It was amusing to hear an old verger in the church of Aloysius, who came to us to sell some pamphlets of some kind, prating of an old priest in the State of Maine who had been driven out of town by the exasperated people, with which case I remembered Mr. Blaine's name was in some manner mixed up in the late presidential election; "but now," said the old man, "the Pope is going to make a saint of him! Pity the papal fiat could not have made a saint of him before the broil, and saved all the trouble! But more of this when we get to Quebec.

Montreal is a city of imposing and substantial architecture. A vast amount of granite is used in building, but one such blaze as swept through Boston a few years since, would turn their attention to brick as a more reliable building material. One thing impressed me in my brief stay there—that was the intense loyalty of the people. Victoria has no more faithful and attached subjects in all her extended empire. We smile visibly when hearing persons who never crossed the Atlantic, and never will, talk of matters at home, that is, in London. I thought of trying my hand a little at annexation—strike a dynamite bomb with a sledge-hammer, rather! I hinted it to my cool and usually quiet host, and he waked up at once and burst forth with a force and eloquence that silenced my battery of fire-crackers at once. "You had better come to us. What is your territory compared with ours? We have room for you all, and for all Europe if they were to be poured in upon us. You seem to think the British possessions in North America consist of a little strip of land along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Why, what do you suppose to be the extent of our territory?" Like poor Job, I could not respond, I was dumb. "Well," said he, "from Montreal to St. John's in Newfoundland is 1,300 miles; to Manitoba 1,500 miles; from there to Winnipeg, 1,000 miles; from that to Vancouver, 600 miles; from that point to Hudson's Bay, 1,500 miles; and we extend to the North Pole." "An immense territory, truly," said I; "you might take oppressed Ireland and all the Irish flooding our cities. I wish you would annex so much of us, and keep your French population at home, and we will say no more about annexation." But the tide of immigra-

tion is not to be turned to the Canadas, and will not be. The climate is too severe, the soil cold and heavy, and the warm season too short.

But where are the people of this city? I said to myself, as I tramped about. I go into Boston, and the streets are full of all sorts of vehicles, and the sidewalks so crowded that one can only move with the throng. The retail stores and shops are thronged all day, and the seven railroads centering in that city pour in and carry out more than a hundred thousand people daily. In Montreal I saw nothing of this. On the Sabbath I noticed the streets were well filled by church-goers, but where, or when, is the trading and shopping done? Looking into the dry goods stores, I saw but few customers. There were no drays to speak of, transporting merchandise, no crowded horse-cars, but a large number of hacks and cabs waiting for fares. But perhaps I do not understand their methods of business. It isn't Boston, yet I liked the quiet, and the people whom I saw, and now after my return from my month's sojourn in the Maine woods, I wish myself in the quiet of Montreal.

HEBRENGLISH.

BY PROF. H. G. MITCHELL, PH. D.

[Continued.]

4. The Hebrew language has no terminations to indicate comparison in adjectives. It is, therefore, necessary to resort to various circumlocutions when an adjective is to be compared. I have not found the Hebrew comparative literally translated in Genesis; that would offend the dullest ear; but there are some cases in which this mistake has been made with reference to the superlative. In 24: 2, the phrase, "The old," or "elder of his house," is by most authorities understood as "the eldest [in an official sense] of his house." "Steward" would have been far better than the "elder" of the revisers. Sometimes an abstract noun takes the place of the adjective before the genitive, but even this is not an English construction. Thus 45: 18, "The good [i. e., goodness] of the land" means "the best of the land"; and 23: 6, "the choice of our sepulchres," "the choicest of our sepulchres." Equally foreign to our language are the expressions that represent another form of the Hebrew superlative. The Hebrews said, 31: 1, "The serpent was cunning from any beast of the field," we, however, should say neither this, nor, with the revisers, "the serpent was more subtle than any beast [including serpents] of the field," but, "the serpent was the most cunning of beasts of the field," or, "the serpent was more cunning than any other beast of the field." "Israel," also, according to the revisers, 37: 3, "loved Joseph more than all his children." Analogous to this last usage is that, 6: 2, "They took their wives of all that they chose," where we ought to have, "They took for wives whomsoever they chose."

5. There are several Hebrew usages with reference to substantives, which, to say the least, do not sound well in English. Is it, for instance, necessary to translate literally 25: 6, "Unto the sons of the concubines, which Abraham had, Abraham gave gifts?" There is no reason why we should always repeat the substantive as the Hebrews usually do, before each of several genitives. "Jewels of silver and gold" would certainly be better than "jewels of silver and jewels of gold," and a similar improvement might be made in many other passages. Analogous to the peculiarity just noticed is the use, in such passages as "God will surely visit you, and bring you up out of this land unto the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob," 50: 24. Mention may here be made of two or three other constructions. One cannot, in Hebrew, without ambiguity, avoid the use of the peculiar combination, "my cup, the silver cup" (literally, the cup of silver), but "my silver cup" is what is meant. A literal translation of 15: 12, would have been preferable to that upon which the revisers decided. The Hebrew has, "a horror, great darkness, fell upon him," i. e., "a deep and awful darkness." Similarly, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception" (3: 16), ought, perhaps, to be, "I will greatly increase thy sorrow in conception." A minor matter is the use of the singular for the plural in such cases as 30: 35 and 47: 9.

6. The verb in Hebrew, as has already been indicated, regularly precedes its subject. If the subject is compound, the verb generally agrees with the nearest noun. Good illustrations are found in the Revised Old Testament. Thus 24: 61, we read: "Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man." Why should not the slight change in the arrangement necessary to make it English have been made in this sentence?

The emphatic infinitive is usually rendered as our language requires, e. g., "We saw plainly that the Lord was with thee," 28: 28, but one passage was left untranslatable, viz., 27: 17, where we read, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven," for the simple and easy promise, "I will richly bless thee, and I will greatly multiply thy seed, even as the stars of heaven."

Other Hebrew uses of the infinitive also are imitated by the revisers, e. g., "The man is become as one of us, to know good and evil," 3: 22; "It is not so done in our place, to give the younger before the firstborn," 29: 26 (compare the next turn given to 43: 6); and, "He was come near to enter into Egypt," 12: 11. Here belongs an imitation of the

Hebrew use of an infinitive with a preposition, "Her soul was in departing," 35: 18.

A finite verb is sometimes used in Hebrew where we should use a participle or some other construction. Thus, literally, 44: 12 is: "He searched, he began with the eldest and ended with the youngest." The revisers have, "He searched and began at the eldest and left at the youngest." They ought, of course, to have rendered it: "He searched beginning with the eldest," etc. The verb translated *begin* frequently has an adverbial force. It seems to have about this force, 9: 20, where the Revision has, "and Noah began to be a husbandman and planted a vineyard." The sense is, "Noah, the husbandman, first planted [i. e., was the first to plant] a vineyard." So, too, 11: 6: "This is what they begin to do," probably means, "This is [or see] the first thing that they have done."

7. There is room for criticism of the translation of the numerals, but with reference to these there might be difference of opinion. It is fair, however, in this connection to insist that "seven and seven," 7: 2, is not so good as "by sevens." An analogous Hebraism is found, 32: 16, in the phrase, "betwixt drove and drove."

There are several cases in which the participle translated *to be* or *being* is made to disturb the construction required in English. In 18: 9 the Hebrew idiom with respect to this participle is left undisturbed: "They said unto him, Where is Sarah, thy wife? and he said, Behold, in the tent." The last clause is the Hebrew for, "She is in the tent."

8. Thus far I have grouped the idioms quoted according to the parts of speech especially involved. There are some which cannot well be classified in this way. I will give them one after another, and first, the phrase "kiss of the goats," found 27: 9, which, in English, means simply "kiss." Similar cases of tautology are, "And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice," it is because the thing is established by God," 41: 32; and, "Only the land of the priests alone became not Pharaoh's," 47: 26. A passage which seems analogous, 17: 14, is simply mis-translated. It reads: "And the uncircumcised male, who is not circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin, that soul shall be cut off from his people." It should read: "An uncircumcised person, a male who shall not be circumcised," etc.

One ought not, perhaps, to object to such figures as "children of the East," 29: 1, and "father of such as dwell in tents," or the circumlocutions, "father's brother," 29: 12, and "son's sons," 46: 7, but why retain such expressions as "Noah was a righteous man and perfect in his generations," 6: 9; "He that shall come forth out of these own bowels shall be thine heir," 15: 4; "God Almighty bless thee . . . that thou mayest be a company of peoples," 28: 3; and, "His bowels did yearn upon his brother," 43: 30; or these others: "Thou hast magnified thy mercy," 19: 19; "He has accepted thee in this thing," 19: 21; "His bow abode in strength," 49: 24; and "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors," 49: 26? English equivalents, I think, could surely be found for them; some of them are exceedingly awkward or offensive.

The conclusion of this whole matter is, that our version, even in its latest form, is not thoroughly English, i. e., does not represent the English language in its purity. There are those who do not seem to regard this as a fault. Says a late reviewer: "The revisers who gave us King James' version enriched the English language by their very Hebraisms. They have made the English language more like Hebrew than any other modern language! The latter sentence may be understood in two ways, but if it is true in either sense, the fact is no occasion for congratulation. It only shows that we have not yet made the substance of the Old Testament our own. When we shall have done this, we shall be able to have the precious old book in unadulterated English."

CAMP-MEETINGS.

ASBURY GROVE, HAMILTON.

For the third time this "feast of tabernacles" began on Friday, and the leading elder, Rev. Wm. S. Jones, presiding. It began in the spirit of the previous holiness meeting, and continued and ended in it; the prayers were permeated with it; the exhortations were sweetened and rendered powerful by it; the experiences magnified it, and were magnified by it. From beginning to end the sermons declared its necessity, its utility, its attractiveness.

Bro. C. E. Bisbee discoursed on it as the fire from above; Parsons, as the stream of life flowing, irrigating and making fruitful and beautiful the life; Trask said it personated, incarnated, and practiced by Christ; E. T. Adams saw it in the name and work of Him who was called "Jesus"; W. H. Meredith, of Lowell, Mass., portrayed it in a church imbued with it, and witnessing by the Spirit; W. F. Berry showed its potency in the life of the true follower of Christ; F. A. Bragdon discoursed on its origination in the heart of the Father, its manifestation in the life and death of the Son, its efficiency in redeeming man from perishing and saving the believer; T. Gerrish saw its consummation in the ranks of the redeemed and glorified in heaven; Groverton strengthened the heart by showing its complete mastery over fear; J. B. Lipham drew in a manner most impressive the danger of those in whose hearts and lives love is absent; E. Tinker discoursed wonderfully on the influence of love in the character and teaching of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and Patterson on its enabling a man to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and give thanks in everything.

If common report be true and is to be relied upon, this was one of the best

and evening services many seekers bowed at the altars for prayers.

On Monday morning, Rev. T. C. Watkins, of Dorchester, preached, and in the afternoon a union anniversary of the Woman's Foreign and Woman's Home Missionary Societies was held. The speakers were Rev. L. P. Cushman, and Rev. Mrs. S. L. Baldwin. The collection taken was divided between the two societies, and then each society had more than was given to the W. F. M. S. alone last year, so that it appears still that in union there is strength, and we could express our gratification at the delightful spirit that pervaded the meeting, and say, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity."

Before this service closed, rain began to fall, and continued with increasing force, and a cold wave stole in over New England, which was exceedingly disagreeable to all who were living in the groves and by the seashore, and put an end to nearly all outside meetings for the rest of the week; but the ardor of the worshippers seemed to rise as the storm increased, and in all the society tents the meetings went on with added directness and power, and great glory rested upon the encampment. The new chapel and the new Bellingham tabernacle were both crowded at every preaching service, as was also one or two more of the largest society tents. At these the preaching was attended with blessed results. The preachers were Revs. W. P. Odell, of Salem, A. F. Bailey, of Troy Conference, Wilder, Reader, a Baptist clergyman from Marblehead, C. T. Johnson, of Stoneham, Dearborn, of Everett, Knowles, of Natick, Noon, of Newburyport, Poland, of Essex.

On Wednesday morning preaching was held at the stand, Rev. S. B. Sweetser being the speaker. Rev. J. D. H. Pickles spoke in the afternoon, but rain and cold drove us to the chapel and tents again in the evening, where Rev. Geo. Phinney and Rev. J. Peterson preached.

Dr. Dorchester being called away to preside at the camp-meeting at Sterling, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, of Malden, was given charge of the meeting. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of East Boston, preached at the stand. His theme was the power of the Gospel unto salvation to all who believe. Rev. F. T. Pomeroy preached in the afternoon, and the closing service of the evening consisted of addresses by Revs. Mansfield, Melden, Elia, Chadbourne and others. In the midst of the service the congregation was called to a special season of prayer led by Rev. S. L. Gracey in behalf of the president of the Association, James P. Magee.

At the annual business meeting of the pastors and tent delegates, the treasurer's report showed that the receipts had been \$16,181.10, of which \$1,396.74 was on account of the chapel fund. The expenditures had been \$12,827.06, of which \$1,892.02 was for the chapel and \$785.71 for land. The debt was now \$7,750 on property which cost \$40,000. There was an insurance on buildings of \$14,950. On motion of Rev. John Galbraith, it was voted to hold the camp-meeting earlier in the week. Rev. Dr. Thayer offered a beautiful tribute to the zeal and devotion of President James P. Magee, who was absent for the first time, and offered an appropriate resolution of sympathy, which appeared in last week's ZION'S HERALD. Two other features of special interest have already been referred to—the dedication of the Mt. Bellingham tabernacle, Rev. Jesse Wagner, pastor, and the very excellent meeting of the Woman's Missionary Societies.

There were 4,200 excursion tickets sold to the grounds this year against 4,500 last year. This year the season tickets were in much larger numbers than heretofore, so that there were probably more passengers carried than in any previous year. The order on Sunday and throughout the week was excellent—no disturbance of any note demanding the attention of the police. The greatest sympathy was felt and expressed for Bro. Magee, who like a wounded commander of the host lay in his tent overlooking the field, but was denied the privilege of joining in the conflict. His absence from the head of the management was sadly felt. G.

PORTLAND DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced at Old Orchard, Me., Monday, Aug. 17, under the leadership of Rev. Wm. S. Jones, presiding elder. It began in the spirit of the previous holiness meeting, and continued and ended in it; the prayers were permeated with it; the exhortations were sweetened and rendered powerful by it; the experiences magnified it, and were magnified by it. From beginning to end the sermons declared its necessity, its utility, its attractiveness.

Bro. C. E. Bisbee discoursed on it as the fire from above; Parsons, as the stream of life flowing, irrigating and making fruitful and beautiful the life; Trask said it personated, incarnated, and practiced by Christ; E. T. Adams saw it in the name and work of Him who was called "Jesus"; W. H. Meredith, of Lowell, Mass., portrayed it in a church imbued with it, and witnessing by the Spirit; W. F. Berry showed its potency in the life of the true follower of Christ; F. A. Bragdon discoursed on its origination in the heart of the Father, its manifestation in the life and death of the Son, its efficiency in redeeming man from perishing and saving the believer; T. Gerrish saw its consummation in the ranks of the redeemed and glorified in heaven; Groverton strengthened the heart by showing its complete mastery over fear; J. B. Lipham drew in a manner most impressive the danger of those in whose hearts and lives love is absent; E. Tinker discoursed wonderfully on the influence of love in the character and teaching of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and Patterson on its enabling a man to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and give thanks in everything.

If common report be true and is to be relied upon, this was one of the best

meetings ever enjoyed upon the grounds. To God be all the praise!

All the preachers in the district were present except eleven. Of these one had died, one was sick, and nine were otherwise detained. The morning prayer-meetings in the tabernacle were seasons of refreshing, being judiciously led by Brothers J. Cobb, T. P. Adams, J. M. Woodbury, and A. Turner. The gatherings in the various chapels were large and interesting on account of the evident presence of the Divine Spirit. W.

NORTHAMPTON CAMP-MEETING.

Another annual "feast of tabernacles" has been held on the Northampton camp-ground, conducted by President Elder Fellows. We had never found the grounds in better order than this year. Needed repairs had been carefully made, and the occasional rains that came just previous to the meeting and during its progress, kept the grounds in fine condition, and interfered but little with the real progress of the meeting.

The services commenced on Tuesday evening, Aug. 18, and closed Monday evening, Aug. 24. It was a season of rain, and as a consequence harvests could not be gathered. The services opened on Tuesday evening with a very interesting and profitable consecration meeting under the leadership of Presiding Elder Fellows and Rev. George Skene. The succeeding meetings took on a very sweet and earnest type. There was a very complete spirit of harmony and helpfulness among all the workers on the ground, whether they were seeking the temporal or spiritual good of the people.

The following ministerial brethren preached in the order in which their names are given: Revs. W. G. Leonard, G. H. Cheney, J. Wood, J. F. Allen, C. H. Hanford, A. Dight, E. A. Titus, S. L. Baldwin, S. F. Upham, A. L. Cooper, W. G. Richardson, George Skene, E. R. Thordike, G. W. Mansfield, Edwin Hitchcock and J. F. Meares. The preaching, both in thought and unction, was remarkably well sustained through the meeting. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held a large meeting on Friday afternoon, which was addressed by Dr. S. L. Baldwin. He gave a very interesting address on China, and the difficulties of doing the work there.

A children's meeting was held each day between the public services. Large numbers of the tender ones were gathered and directed to Christ, by song, Scripture lessons and direct appeal. These efforts were not the least among the fruit-bearing labors of the meeting. There was a young people's meeting held at the same hour; and we think, under wise management was helpful in aiding some to become more active in their work, and others to take a decided stand for Christ.

The singing, under the direction of Rev. A. Wood, was a very important factor in the success of the meeting. It was appropriate, abundant and inspiring. Great credit is due to this corps of laborers for their sustaining work at all the public services. We were impressed by some of the sermons and exhortations. [Continued on page 7.]

Our Book Table.

SOME NOTED PRINCIPLES, AUTHORS, AND STATEMENTS OF OUR TIME. Edited by James Parton, Royal Octavo. 351 pages, thick paper, broad margins. \$2.75. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. This very handsomely published volume is well worthy of its beautiful mechanical execution. It contains fifty sketches, illustrated with portraits or characteristic scenes in the lives of noted personages, famous in some department of life or literature. A narrative was prepared, and read as the popular lectures of the late James T. Fields, before interested audiences. Others are by Canon Farrar, Archibald Forbes, E. P. Whipple, Louise Chandler Moulton, L. M. A. A. etc. Mr. Parton introduces the work with a short preface, and writes several of the sketches. It is a delightful volume, both entertaining and instructive. In its next form of publication, it will make an excellent holiday gift.

ISAAC W. WILEY: A MONOGRAPH. Edited by Richard S. Rust, D. D., LL. D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stone, 8vo. calendar paper, broad margins, 233 pages. \$1.50. For sale by J. P. Magee.

This is an attractive volume, happy in conception and eminently successful in execution. Instead of a biography of our late greatly esteemed Bishop by one hand, the different eras of his life, with his various services for the church, as educator, medical missionary, pastor and Bishop, have been committed into the hands of a number of our best writers, who were familiarly acquainted with him. This secures a pleasing variety in style, and what is somewhat remarkable, there is but little repetition. The volume is a gift of peculiar interest. The sketch of the Bishop's early life by Dr. Buttz, of his mission life by Dr. Wentworth, and of his missionary life by Dr. Kelley, are singularly well executed, and often peculiarly pathetic. Bishop Merrill, Dr. Townsend, Dr. Buckley, the editor and his wife, and very able contributors, with others, to the volume, while the description of his last sickness and death is affecting in the extreme. No one can read this volume, as we did, during the resting hours of last Sabbath, without great spiritual refreshment, or without receiving a fresh impression of the nobility of character and richness of intellectual gifts of our late Bishop, and of his devoted service of God and his church. We heartily commend the volume both to our ministers and laymen. It will be a benediction in their households. The editor has executed his work in excellent taste and made a marked literary success.

IVISON, Blackman, Taylor & Co. issue the STANDARD CLASSIC ATLAS FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, with an alphabetical index giving the latitude and longitude of 20,000 places. This work is published in a royal octavo page, on one paper, strongly and neatly bound, and the maps are well executed. There are twenty-eight maps of countries and cities with their vicinages, showing the gradual changes in the outlines of empires in Europe, Asia, and Northern Africa during the period of Hebrew, Grecian and Roman history. This excellently executed and published text-book will be appreciated by our classical students.

From Harper & Bros. we have a bound copy of their new, carefully printed quarto edition of the REVISED BIBLE—Old and New Testaments—originally

published in their Franklin Square Library. It makes a very neat, cheap and easily handled edition for family use, of the Holy Scriptures as lately revised by the International Commission.

From the same House we have CITY BALLADS, by Will Carleton, with ornamented covers, quaintly illustrated, with wide octavo pages, thick paper and broad margins. \$2.00. Mr. Carleton is equally successful with his municipal ballads, and with his farm ballads. He sings in musical and amusing rhymes, often very picturesque, and sometimes very plaintive, the familiar incidents of the city streets. Many of these poems carry an impressive truth home to the reader, and reach the heart. This volume will deserve an equal popularity with its predecessors, and will doubtless secure it. W.

In the Harper's Classical Series of Text Books for Schools and Colleges, edited by Prof. Henry Drisler, LL. D., of Columbia College, there has just been issued a freshly revised edition of the POETRY OF THE ROMANS, by MARCUS TERENTIUS LUCIUS STICKEY, A. M., late of Trinity College, Hartford, with an extended introduction and a large body of critical notes. The work leaves nothing to be desired as a suggestive interpretation of this thoughtful and long-appreciated work of the great Roman lawyer and statesman.

From the same House, published in uniform size and style with their editions of the works of George Eliot, we have, in a duodecimo volume, a collection of the POEMS OF GEORGE ELIOT, together with two short stories entitled "Brother Jacob" and "The Lifted Veil." Here are the extended dramatic poems heretofore published separately, like the "Spanish Gypsy," "Armstrong," "The Legend of Jubal," "How Liza loved the King," etc., with shorter poems, giving the narrow variety in the flight of the muse's fancy. The book affords an excellent opportunity to test by careful reading, the criticism of Miss Cleveland upon the poetry of George Eliot, in her just issued volume.

In their Handy Series, the Harpers publish a very entertaining volume, from the pen of Archibald Forbes, LL. D., the great war correspondent. His article upon SOCIETY ASPECTS IN AMERICA is both interesting and generous. All the papers which have been written for English periodicals are graphic pictures of his experiences as a correspondent, portraits of noted generals, soldiers, or amusing incidents coming under his observations. The volume is a delightful traveling companion.

J. H. B. Alden publishes, in his long and neat 16mo edition of attractive volume, BY-WAYS AND BIRD NOTES, by Maurice Thompson. 75 cents. This volume contains a dozen brightly-written papers upon objects and scenes in nature, particularly of the haunts and songs of the birds, with fresh and sprightly essays upon character and conduct. The book is not merely a collection of facts, without its substantial lessons for life and its development.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS, OR THE LIFE OF OUR LORD IN THE WORDS OF THE EVANGELISTS; according to the American Revision, by Joseph P. Cadman, A. M., with an introduction by P. S. Henshaw, D. D., young lady, and notes, American Edition. Chicago: American Book Concern, 1885. 12mo, 378 pages. This useful volume, the value of which is attested by the call for a second edition, is a fresh attempt at a harmony of the four Gospels, presenting the whole sacred story as if written by one hand, and combining the incidents and expressions recorded in the four evangelists. The work is accompanied by notes and annotations, with a full index of subjects, and it will be found of special value by the Bible student and teacher.

TENT V. CHAUTAUQUA, by Mariana M. Bistee. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25. This volume gives a vivid life of life at Chautauqua, and of the place itself, and will therefore be welcomed by those who have a curiosity to know something about the famous summer school, as well as by those who are already familiar with its ways and methods. The author imagines a party of four, a young lady, a young man, fifteen to eighteen, with their brother, a lively and fun-loving lad, who make a summer journey from Providence to Chautauqua, and spend their vacation in a tent on the grounds. They go on picnics, attend lectures, and wander through the grounds, attend the lessons and lectures as they like, and enjoy every minute of their stay. They had many friends at Chautauqua. The story claims attention for its naturalness. These young people talk like young people, and they had delight in those things which older and more staid persons would regard with less interest. For this reason, it will find readers among young folks who will greatly relish its incidents.

AFTER ALL: A NOVEL, by Lillian Spencer. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 16mo, 50 cents. This is a painful story of illicit love and its fearful retribution in this world.

THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGION, by Rev. I. E. Page. Willard Tract Repository: Boston. This little volume contains eleven short, Scriptural and spiritual essays upon the work of the Spirit in the heart, and the Christian's life, with the means and discipline by which it is wrought out. It is an excellent book for hours of devout meditation, and will open up to the thoughtful reader fountains of living waters of delight.

From Roberts Brothers we have another capital book for boys, from the prolific pen of Dr. Edward E. Hale. It is the last of a series of five volumes of real stories of war, of the sea, of adventures, and of discovery. The present is STORIES OF INVENTION. It gives an account of the incidents in the lives of fourteen noted persons, who have achieved great results by their sacrifices, with the results of their discoveries. The stories are told in the delightful manner of this inimitable author. They are more interesting than fictions, and yet are also true. The pictures of the valuable additions to the family library.

From the same House we have the MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER, from the German. 12mo, \$1.50. This singular and not particularly wholesome volume contains the autobiographic reminiscences of a woman, herself the mistress of a German Prince. The revelations of the social life of the European and English courts at the beginning of the present century are unsavory enough. The aged actress relates her strange adventures with a singular pliancy and with the slightest manifest horror or disgust at the shocking exhibitions of domestic and social infidelity which she describes. The nineteenth century has poured a blaze of revealing light upon these lawless indulgences in court and aristocratic circles, as well as into the dark corners of crowded cities. Such scenes cannot be repeated with the same impunity. Royal crimes have been punished with revolutions and atoned for with blood. The work of social purification is far from being completed, but it is certainly advancing.

New Music.—From H. T. Knicker, Pittsburg, Pa., "General Grant's Funeral March," by L. F. Kiebert.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 20.

2 Kings 5: 1-10.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (2 Kings 5: 10.)

2. DATE: about B. C. 833.

3. PLACES: Damascus, the capital of Syria; Samaria, the capital of Israel; the river Jordan.

4. CONNECTION: Two miracles wrought by Elisha—the poisoned pitfall prepared for the sons of the prophets. A Gilead reared harmless; and the multiplication of the barley harvest and corn during the famine. (2 Kings 4: 39-44.)

II. Introductory.

Our lesson contains one of the most beautiful and instructive episodes to be found in the earlier Record. King Benhadad, of Syria, had a general whom he highly prized—Naaman—"mighty in valor," the deliverer of his nation, but yet a man whom neither honor nor riches could make happy, for he was a leper. He had in his household a female slave—a young Hebrew girl who had been captured in one of the forays across the border, and who waited upon his wife. The maid had been trained in the faith of Jehovah. She knew about Elisha, and the wonderful things which God had wrought through him. She felt sure that he had power to heal her master, and expressed this confidence one day to her mistress. Her words were reported to Benhadad. The king at once decided to send his favorite to the wonder-working prophet. Supposing, of course, that a man of such endowments would be enrolled among the royal dependents, and exercise his functions only in obedience to a royal command, the Syrian king wrote a letter to King Jehoram, informing him that he sent therewith his servant Naaman to be healed by him of his leprosy. Naaman made the journey to Samaria in great state, attended by a numerous retinue, and not forgetting the usual propitiatory gifts of treasure and garments, which in this case were princely in amount and value. The consideration of Jehoram, when he read the letter of the Syrian king to his counselor, is graphically depicted. Rendering his clothes, he demanded, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Evidently he concluded his motive was to pick a quarrel in asking such an impossibility.

Jehoram's honor might have suffered in this case, had not Elisha heard of the king's dismay, and sent him a significant message. Jehoram had forgotten about the true God and His power; let Naaman be sent to him (Elisha), and "he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." The proud general, vexed doubtless at his reception at the palace, drove in state to the prophet's humble door. He had thought it all out just how he would be received—such a man as he: This prophet will hasten to greet me with the most respectful salutations; he will show his high sense of the honor I confer upon him by coming to his house; he will take his stand, and invoke his God in some mumbling incantation; then he will wave his hand up and down over the leprous part and I shall be healed; and then I will condescend to reward him. But his thoughts were vain. No prophet appeared to greet him. No consideration whatever was shown him—nothing but a servant who told him to go to the Jordan, bathe seven times, and he would be healed. This was too much for the haughty Syrian. He flew into a rage, and turned his chariot from the door. "Bathe seven times in the muddy Jordan! What mockery! If a river-bath is all I need, are not Abana and Parpar better than all the waters of Israel?" He would tarry no longer. He would go back home. Israel should pay for this insult.

But Naaman's attendants were more sensible than their master. They gathered about him. They asked him to think it over. How gladly would he have done "some great thing" at the prophet's bidding—why not, then, an easy thing? Naaman was persuaded at length. He humbled his pride, drove to the Jordan, dipped himself in its turbid waters, and rose, after the seventh time, and he was healed. There was no doubt in his mind then of Jehovah's power, and he loyally gave Him henceforth the allegiance of his heart and life. He returned to Elisha and confessed his new faith, and begged him to accept a gift from his hand; but the prudent prophet refused to be classed with the greedy priests of that day, and would not permit this beneficent miracle to be in any sense paid for. Naaman was compelled to receive his healing "without money and without price."

III. Expository.

1. Naaman's Captivity (1-4).

1. Naaman—mentioned only in this chapter. The name means "pleasantness," or "the good fellow." Captain of the host—commander-in-chief. King of Syria.—Benhadad II. probably Syria at this time had for its boundary on the north the desert of Palmyra, the Euphrates and the Taurus, and on the east, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. A great man with his master—occupied a high place in his confidence, and held high offices under him. By him the Lord had given deliverance.—In the Hebrew canon all nations were under Jehovah's control, and military success or defeat was ascribed to Him. Hence, to the writer of the Book of Kings Naaman's eminence was traceable to the good fortune which Jehovah had granted him in permitting him to deliver his country from the foe. To the Syrian king, Naaman probably appeared to be the favorite of his God Rimmon. What "the deliverance" was which he wrought, is not clear. There is no foundation for the rabbinical tradition that Naaman was the man whose bow, drawn "at a venture," slew Abimelech. Rawlinson finds on inscriptions at Nineveh indications of an Assyrian conquest of Syria about this time, and conjectures that Naaman had been successful in breaking this

foreign yoke. A mighty man in valor, but...

a leper—"but" that ruined all. Yea, all his honor, renown, wealth, with life poisoned at its very fountain. Apparently the Hebrew law of utter seclusion for the leper did not exist in Syria.

2-4. Syria had gone out by companies—marching bands, crossing the frontier for plunder. Brought away captive.—No tenderness was shown to these hostile incursions in those days. A predatory band made short work with a hamlet, murdering without mercy the aged and helpless, seizing whatever spoils could be easily carried, and not forgetting a choice captive or two for the slave market. A little maid—a young girl, not necessarily, or probably, a child. Waited on Naaman's wife.—Probably, therefore, she was beautiful or graceful; but her real worth did not appear on the surface. She said unto her mistress—forgetting her own sad captivity in her sympathy for her new and afflicted master. Would God.—O that it might be God's will! My lord was with the prophet.—In Samaria, Elisha, who had his residence in the capital city, but itinerated throughout the country. He would reach him of his leprosy—using her own Israelitish name, the same as that used in reference to Miriam's restoration (Num. 12: 15): "He would gather him from his leprosy." Her faith was remarkable, and had no precedent to lean upon, so far as we know. There is no record of either Elisha or Elijah healing a leper until we come to Naaman's case? What if she had made a mistake in his case? It required courage, too, to sound the praises of a foreign prophet, dwelling in an enemy's land. One went in.—Judging from the connection, this "one" (a word supplied in the text) was probably Naaman himself, who, informed by his wife of the maid's confidence in her prophet, and eager about all things for cure, conferred upon the matter with his king.

5-10. Naaman's Journey (5-10).

5. Go to, go—equivalent to "Very well, go, etc." to Israel. I will send a letter unto the king.—Being a king, he will deal only with a king. The prophet was, in his nation probably, nothing but a wonder-worker, a dependent of the king, obeying him as the magicians obeyed Pharaoh. Took with him.—He made the journey with a princely retinue, and carried a magnificent sum of money to purchase his cure. Ten talents of silver—between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars. Six thousand pieces of gold—"shekels of gold," according to Rawlinson. Coined money came later, in the time of Cyrus. Bagster gives \$48,000 as the value of the gold. Too changes of raiment—costly robes, very acceptable as presents.

6. Brought the letter.—In a straight line, the distance is reckoned at 110 miles from Damascus to Samaria. Evidently the act of writing was in use at this time, and the Syrian and Hebrew tongues were not so diverse, but that conversation and correspondence could be intelligently carried on between people of the two countries. King of Israel—supposed to have been Jehoram, the son of Ahab. Now when this letter.—The introduction and conclusion are evidently omitted; only the principal message is given. Sent Naaman.... that thou mayest recover him—that is, that you may order your chief of the magicians to effect his cure.

7. Rent his clothes—in alarm and indignation at what he considered an insult put upon him by the Syrian king. He knew nothing of the circumstances which led to this abrupt and extraordinary demand. Am I God to kill and to make alive?—Does this Syrian king look upon me as God, that he asks me to do what only God can do, who gives life and remission from life at His sovereign pleasure? To the king of Israel leprosy was "the plague of death," incurable by human means, yielding only to supernatural power. Consider, I pray you—spoken, probably, to his counselors. See how he seeketh a quarrel against me.—He asks me an impossibility, as a mere pretext for renewing the national quarrel.

8. When Elisha the man of God had heard.—Naaman's arrival at the palace gate doubtless attracted attention and stimulated curiosity. The nature of his errand and the king's consternation would soon become public. Elisha would then hear of it. Sent to the king—following, undoubtedly, some divine intimation to interfere in the matter. Let him come now to me—not uttered boastfully, but simply with the purpose of vindicating Jehovah's honor both before the king and general and his countrymen and countrymen. Naaman, in coming to him, was not a prophet in Israel.—Jehoram had indignantly disclaimed the power to exercise the divine prerogatives, but he had ignored the presence in his capital of one who did represent Jehovah, and could, in that capacity and under proper conditions, even "kill and make alive." It was well that the king should be reminded of the prophet's existence and power. Naaman came with his horses and chariot.—He probably did not reish being sent from the palace to the humble home of the prophet; but he took care to leave none of his state and retinue behind him. If he must go to Elisha, he would make the impression upon him that no common patron of his skill had deigned to wait upon him.

10. Elisha sent a messenger unto him.—Gehazi. This was a cutting but wholesome rebuke to the haughty arrogance of Naaman that the prophet did not even come out to meet him; that all his display of rank and grandeur was wasted. Of course, there were lessons for Naaman in Elisha's behavior toward him. Being under divine instruction, and the first step in humbling the Syrian's pride and preparing him for his cure, was for Elisha to decline to see him. Neither his grandeur nor his gifts were to purchase for him healing, but his obedience; and before he would obey, his pride must be humbled. Go wash in Jordan seven times—a very simple, but a very unsatisfactory, direction.

11. Naaman's Rage (11-13).

11. Naaman was wroth—at the slight put upon him, the indifference with which his rank and pomp and credentials were treated by this unknown prophet, the seeming frivolity of the direction given to him. Went away.—Burning with anger, he turned away from the prophet's house, intending probably to give up any further effort, and return to his own land. Behold I thought.—As he turned his chariot he probably gave vent to his feelings aloud; and his servants heard his words. An Oriental in his rage is not to be reticent. He will surely come out to me.—Certainly, Eastern manners gave him a right to expect that; and especially in his case—a great general, and bearing royal credentials. Call on the name of the Lord his God.—"Jehovah his God." Naaman had rehearsed in his own mind all the details of Elisha's expected behavior, based upon the usual behavior of wonder-workers: He will come personally to his door, take an attitude, utter a formula of incantation, etc. Then I will condescend to reward him for his efforts. Strike his hand over the place.—"move his hand up and down over the place." His leprosy was apparently local.

12, 13. Are not Abana and Parpar, etc.—If a river bath be all I need, why not the pure crystal streams of my own land, rather than the waters of this muddy Israelitish Jordan?—a truly rationalistic argument, tending to human nature to-day. God's commands are still held by "a wily day" and "a wily night." Abana, the modern Barada, crosses the plain, and a part of its waters are diverted and flow through the city in seven streams. The Parpar, the modern Awaj,

runs about eight miles south of the city. Servants came—probably, blind by pride as their master was. If the prophet had had these do some great thing—a soothing, and most sensible, and most convincing way of putting the matter. Yes, he would have obeyed the prophet then. It would have refreshed him to have undertaken some great exploit—but only let him prouder than before. How much rather then.—If you would gladly obey him in the greater, how much rather in the less!

4. Naaman's Cure (14-16).

14. Then went he down.—Persuaded by his servants, and surrendering his own prejudices and pride. The land descends from Samaria to the Jordan. Dipped himself seven times—obeyed the order to the letter. "Seven" is the stamp of the works of God. (Kell.) His flesh came again.—The ulceration and disfiguring scars all disappeared, and the flesh beneath was as fresh and healthy as that of a child. Returned to the man of God—making a backward journey of about thirty-two miles; returning, as did the Samaritan leper whom our Lord healed, to "give glory to God." stood before him.—Elisha was willing to receive him now. No God in all the earth but in Israel.—He realized that there was no other God but Jehovah, and declared himself His worshiper and servant henceforth. Take a blessing of thy servant.—The grateful man longed to load the prophet down with gifts. I will receive none.—The Syrian must never forget that his cure was wrought by the grace of God, and that God's prophets, unlike the heathen wonder-workers, were not greedy for pay. Further, the aversion of pseudo-prophets had brought the sacred office into disrepute.

IV. Inferential.

1. God's grace, even under the Jewish dispensation, was not restricted to the "peculiar people."

2. Many an outwardly successful life has its concealed "but," which spoils all.

3. When brought into strained places, God has something for us to do or say.

4. If the leprosy of the body be loathsome and incurable by man, how much more so the leprosy of the soul!

5. Men invent a God in their own minds, and go to the Bible to see if they find the same God there; if not, they reject Him. If their a priori notions of Christ and the way of salvation are not satisfied, they turn away angrily. If the diseases of their souls cannot be healed as they have made up their minds they ought to be healed, then they will not have them healed at all. (Shedd.)

6. Men are willing to "do some great thing" for their salvation, but are unwilling to accept the simple provisions of the Gospel.

7. What losses has pride caused!

8. Those who bathe in the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness" rise to "newness of life."

9. A cleansed soul gladly confesses its new allegiance.

10. Spiritual healing cannot be paid for in human coin.

V. Illustrative.

1. NAAMAN'S CLEANING.

O, all Elisha's miracles of blessing, this cleansing of Naaman's leprosy was the only one he wrought upon a heathen. Naaman's cure, effected by his meeting the conditions of the word of the Lord through Elisha, is a standing type of salvation from sin by the Gospel. Our Lord uses the story as an illustration of the sovereignty of God (Luke 4: 27). He does not mean, however, that God exercises His sovereignty capriciously and unreasonably, but only that we must refer to the sovereign pleasure of God those events whose meaning and reason we cannot yet discover (Tennant).

2. NAAMAN'S AFTER HISTORY.

It is in keeping with the ideas of the age, that the grateful Syrian should seek leave to carry back to Damascus two mules' burden of earth, to build an altar to Jehovah upon the soil of his own land; on which alone, men would then think, He could be rightly honored. The altar, however, was not to be a memorial to the God of Israel in a foreign land, like the synagogues raised, ages later, by the Jews of Nahardea in Persia, all the stones and earth of which had been brought from Jerusalem. He makes only one request more, and this the prophet, with a fine anticipation of Christian charity, tacitly grants: When his master, leaving upon his return to the palace, would send him to the temple of Rimmon, and he had to go himself before the god, he trusted it would not be reckoned as dishonoring to Jehovah, who in alone he would henceforth really worship. Gehazi's pious heart, for treacherous meanness, which compromised not only Elisha, but the true religion itself, is a fitting pendant to the story (Geikie).

3. CHECKS TO PRIDE.

Remember what thou wert before thy birth—nothing; what thou wert for many years after—weakness; what, in all thy life—a great sinner; what, in all thy excellencies, a mere debtor to God, to thy parents, to the earth, to all the creatures. Upon these and the like meditations, if we dwell, we shall see nothing more reasonable than to be humble, and nothing more foolish than to be proud (Bp. Taylor).

4. COMMON SALVATION.

The gospel river of life does not branch out into divers streams. There is not a broad sweep of water for the rich, the intellectual and the cultivated, and a little scanty runnel where the poor may now and then come and get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanitarium beneath whose shadowy porticoes the poor may get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanitarium beneath whose shadowy porticoes the poor may get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanitarium beneath whose shadowy porticoes the poor may get healed by the side of its precarious wave.

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Prince Nicolas Tcherbakov.

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The Family.

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.

There's good in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Circled with its shining foliage,
It was wondrous fair to see;
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright garden through.

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were green:
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here."
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well;
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell.

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the barren tree;
As we love some things about us
That are only there to see.
"Leave it one season longer—
Only one more, I pray,"
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart;
And the fear of the bare before it
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener toiled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun;
But the morrow was with a tempest,
And the work remained undone.
And though all the long, bleak winter
There stood the tree as before,
With the cold, white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet spring weather
Made glad the tree's heart;
And the trees in the garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The gardener said,
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
At an early hour next day,
And then to the task he finished
The gardener led the way.
And lo, all white with blossoms,
Fresher than ever to see,
In its promise of coming fruitage
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he said to the gardener then:
"That out of its loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.
It is so with some lives that cumber
A time the Lord has given;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a beautiful gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain."
Eben E. Rezford.

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MRS. REV. W. C. SAWYER.

In selecting a route from Wisconsin to New Orleans, last winter, the railroad that could enable me to visit the Mammoth Cave became my choice.

When, in the course of my journey, the village was reached where visitors to the Cave leave the cars, I was glad that I had planned not to stop there until on my return trip; for the few tourists who climbed into the vehicles provided for carrying them to the Cave, had to endure the ridicule of the train full of passengers. Indeed, the sight was fun-provoking. The conveyances were lumber wagons, that had apparently never seen any paint or had a spring, with old chairs or narrow boards for most of the seats, and drawn by bony horses in shabby harnesses. Many of the lookers-on decided that they could not be hired to take the ten miles' ride up to the Cave over the steep and muddy roads with such turn-outs. Much less would they pay three dollars apiece for the privilege, and incur at the same time an additional expense of five dollars or more at the Cave and hotel. Even my own determination to see Kentucky's greatest curiosity was considerably shaken.

Nevertheless, two weeks later, when homeward bound, I left the cars at Cave City, in company with four friends, all determined to go through every ordeal necessary to see for ourselves the world-renowned Mammoth Cave. We found four other resolute spirits on the platform, but no team in waiting.

Though it was late in February, and the roads were consequently in their spring condition, it had frozen sufficiently to admit of a better class of vehicles being used than we had seen employed two weeks before. The stage provided us, after considerable delay, had four good seats, springs, and a cloth cover. Our team of four horses did good pulling, though our high-wheel horse was eighteen years old, and the bridle on our high leader had but one blinker and occasionally slipped back on the horse's neck. We had prepared ourselves for a coating of mud, but, as the condition of the roads prevented our riding faster than a walk, we were only slightly splattered. Although our ride was four hours long, it was not tedious, for we enjoyed the balmy air and romantic scenery, and, not least, the good humor that pervaded our company and found frequent vent in stories and in songs.

When our ride was about half done, we met a large party returning from the Cave in the genuine, old-fashioned, heavy and clumsy Concord coaches, that sunk almost to the hubs in the muddest places. We immediately petitioned our driver to allow us to make our return, on the next day, in the stage we then occupied, and we rejoiced greatly at obtaining our request.

After reaching the Cave hotel, and having disposed of a good supper, we were anxious to visit the Cave immediately, but we were not allowed to go in until half past nine, when a party of thirty from an afternoon train had had time to join us.

Suits, canes, and caps were offered us, but only the caps were universally adopted. Nor did we find afterwards that we had need of the suits; for, with but slight exception, the Cave was clean and dry, and even one rough climbing did not materially injure our clothing. The canes proved an embarrassment at times, and many of them were thrown away when we came to the Corkscrew. Nearly every one was provided with a lamp, which consisted of a small can for burning kerosene, carried by means of four wires attached at the base of the can and meeting in a ring about a foot above. As the flame had no other

protection than the wires, care was necessary to keep from burning our clothes.

Although there was a new moon in the sky, we found the lamps very necessary to light our way through mud and over loose stones down the steep path leading from the hotel to the entrance of the Cave. The disgust of our party at the condition of this walk was not concealed; especially when, after four hours of tramping and climbing in the Cave, we returned to find the side hill a glare of ice.

The opening to the Cave is a large natural arch at the foot of a bluff. On entering this, we seemed to be in a spacious tunnel. After walking about one hundred yards, the walls narrowed in upon us to an opening the size of a common door, securely guarded with an iron gate which had been placed here to preserve the Cave from lawless intruders. Two negro guides attended us, one of whom opened the gate. The other accompanied us only to the end of the "short route" in the Cave, and then conducted back about half of our party, for whom the longer route was too fatiguing, or, possibly, its extra charge too exorbitant.

We passed through the iron gate into a tunnel fifty yards long, called the Narrows. Here our attention was called to large wooden pipes that were occasionally visible in the ground beside our path. These pipes were in a very good condition, considering that three-quarters of a century had passed since they were used. Their preservation is probably due to the chemical effect of the alkali that passed through them; for they were used, during the war of 1812, in obtaining saltpetre from the earth of the cave, to be employed in the manufacture of gunpowder.

The Narrows opened into the Rotunda, an immense chamber containing a few great oaks and other relics of the saltpetre miners. We noticed a black coating on the side walls, which was suddenly converted into life by a few well-directed pebbles; and we discovered that we had invaded the winter resort of thousands of bats.

At the recommendation of the guides, we left our wraps in the Rotunda; for, as the average temperature of the Cave is 53 degrees nearly the year round, the subterranean air was warmer than that above ground. This fact was attested by the moisture on the rocky ceiling near the opening to the Narrows, where the outer air met and mingled with that of the Cave. The circulation between the outer and inner air is sometimes called the breath of the Cave; but it takes a year for the Cave to complete one respiration. During most of this time, while the outside air is the warmer, it exhales, and during the coldest months, it inhales. It was inhaling, at the time of our visit, with such force as to extinguish nearly all of our lamps when we passed through the iron gate.

Leading out of the Rotunda were two grand archways, but we explored only one. Thus, throughout our route in the Cave, many an arch, or passage, or crevice, tempting us to explore its hidden mysteries, was passed by; for we could not begin to see all of the two hundred avenues already discovered, nor walk the one hundred and fifty miles of their combined lengths.

We passed from the Rotunda into the avenue called the Main Cave, which is about four miles in length, with an average width of sixty feet. It obtains its name on account of its generous dimensions, and also because many of the other avenues seem to branch off from this one. This central avenue expands at intervals into magnificent halls, of which we saw only two—the Methodist Church and the Star Chamber. The former derived its name from the fact that itinerant preachers formerly discoursed here to the congregated miners. The latter is named, like the historical Star Chamber, from its ceiling, which is black studded with white spots, having the appearance of the sky on a starry night. One spot is naturally enough called the comet, on account of its tail. While we were staring, one of the guides collected our lamps, and, concealing them behind some rocks, made shadows like clouds to roll across the imaginary sky. For a few moments he left us entirely in the dark, that we might obtain some idea of the absolute darkness of the Cave. The return of the lamps was greeted by a hearty chorus:

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears."

By the skillful use of the lamps, the guides amused us at several other points in the Main Cave, once bringing out a gigantic profile from the rocks, and once by letting light shine through an opening of the right outline, creating an apparent statue of a woman. Nature's pranks also furnished us amusement; for, now and then, black stains on the lofty ceiling or side walls became intelligible as silhouettes, and we readily discerned Jumbo, a fat girl, an ant-eater, and a giant and glaucous toadling a papoose.

Between the Methodist Church and the Star Chamber were some of the most interesting features of the Main Cave. Here we came upon a second group of saltpetre vats and other traces of the miners, such as the tracks made by their oxen and carts. A short distance beyond were the Standing Rocks—four immense slabs of stone in an almost vertical position. Near by was the Giant's Coffin—a large stone rightly named from its shape as well as size. Two small, roofless stone cottages formed the next and most unexpected sight of the Cave. It seems that about forty years ago these cottages, together with ten others of wood now removed, were erected to accommodate a party of consumptives. These invalids took up their abode in the Cave, hoping to be benefited by its even temperature and its atmosphere, which is said to have a larger proportion of oxygen than the outer air possesses, on account of the formation of the extensive saltpetre beds. Though this atmosphere may have an exhilarating effect, which some what accounts for people in delicate

health being able to walk in it for many hours, yet it proved to be no substitute for sunshine, and the stone cottages stand as the monuments of the pitiful failure of a forlorn hope.

By means of a stairway back of the second group of vats, we passed from the Main Cave into the Gothic Avenue. Here we saw a greater display of stalactites and stalagmites than in any other part of our route. It was disappointing to find these rocky pendants soiled and clumsy. Could we have seen some of the less traversed portions of the Cave, where the smoke from the visitors' lamps and the hammer of the relic-seeker have not yet defaced the rocky formations, our expectations would have been undoubtedly gratified. Some of the stalactites were still dripping, but most of them were dry. Quite a number had joined with their corresponding stalagmites, forming pillars several feet in diameter, and supposed to be centuries old. Three of these pillars, in a room called the Gothic Chapel, are arched together, constituting the altar. It is said that marriages have been solemnized here; but it was not our privilege to witness such a scene.

Register Hall was another interesting feature of the Gothic Gallery. Here the ceiling is covered with names written in lamp black. This manner of defacing the walls has been forbidden, and visitors now content themselves by leaving their cards upon piles of stones that they have gathered together.

From the Gothic Chapel we returned to the Main Cave, but soon diverged again by a winding path to a region of stairways, chasms, and domes. The first abyss shown us was the Side-saddle Pit. This seemed fearful enough, as we stood on its edge, but it did not compare in awful sublimity with the next chasm, called Goria's Dome. This was visible through a window-like aperture in the wall at the side of our path. We did not care to lean out of that window long, for we beheld a chamber whose ceiling was one hundred feet above us, and whose floor was one hundred and seventeen feet below us. This depth was more than that of the Bottomless Pit, which we saw next, but the difference was not enough to give us any greater feeling of security, as we stood on the bridge which crosses the latter, and watched the rolls of flame sink slowly down to the rocks below.

Though the visitor does not see all the pits of the Cave, he sees enough to haunt his dreams for many a night. Nor are the dangers and terrors less in the River Hall, into which we next passed. Indeed, the sights of the Cave are sufficiently terrible to have furnished Doré his inspiration in illustrating Dante's Inferno.

We entered the River Hall by passing through the Valley of Humility and the Fat Man's Misery. In the former passage, the floor and ceiling were only four feet apart, and so we all walked stooping. In the latter, a foot more of space was allowed our heads, but our path was only eighteen inches wide, and full of turns. A few moments of rest were very acceptable when we emerged into a spacious room called Great Relief. From here it was but a short walk to the edge of a precipice, from which we looked down into a small body of water, called the Dead Sea. Although an iron railing skirted our path, we felt like clinging to the cliffs at our side, to prevent an involuntary plunge into theinky waters. The River Styx, which we next crossed on a natural bridge, was also to the level of the next body of water called Lake Lethe. A little farther on, we came to Echo River, the last and most extended appearance of the underground waters.

As the water during the winter months is too high for the boat-ride which is necessary to further progress, we retraced our steps from this point, leaving River Hall by the Corkscrew—a crevice through which we passed by climbing three ladders and literally crawling between great rocks up an ascent of one hundred and fifty feet. On emerging one by one, like a procession of great rats, we found ourselves in the Main Cave, near the Rotunda. Don't plug our wraps, we passed out through the Narrows and the Iron Gate, into the upper world, glad for what we had seen, and also thankful for our safe return.

INTO THY FOLD.

All thro' the day the storm-cloud slowly fills;
Ever among the mists we blindly grope,
Hungry and cold, searching 'mid towering hills,
Till, with our erring mind—no faith, no hope—
We lose Thy fold.

Faster the gray clouds press, the snow-drifts thicken,
And thro' the darkness beams no welcome star,
Thro' the long night our weary footsteps quicken;
Having no lamp, we know not where we are;
Show us Thy fold!

Still do we wander, tho' our hearts are bleeding,
Over the forests wide and prairies drear,
Far from Thy narrow path still farther speeding,
Till our blanched cheek, and lip that quakes with fear,
Find for Thy fold.

The sweet young grass blades wither, droop,
And die,
The sharp rocks pierce our feet so sadly sore,
And when the darkness shows that night is o'er,
O Shepherd, guide us, that we stray no more
Far from Thy fold!

O Father, hearken to our earnest cries,
Give us Thy hand, cast fear from out our hearts,
And when the mists oppress our weary eyes,
In Thy lead us, when the light departs,
Into Thy fold!

—Christian Union.

THAT PASTOR'S WIFE.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

We in the N. E. Conference are wondering whether the presiding elder who threw out such a bold challenge in the HERALD is the Professor, whether it is a Daniel come to judgment (on us), whether it is the elder who makes his home there, in Newton, where you live,

Mr. Editor, or whether, after all, it may not be one of the fellows in the other Conference.

The fact that he lives in a "hired house" is no clue, for presiding elders, from Paul down, have lived in their own hired house. But, whoever he be, we each and all thank him for the gallant admission that we are a power, either for good or ill, in the minister's life.

I could not help smiling as I pictured to myself the good elder, stopping at one of those domestic homes where the deft and dainty fingers of the "home-body" had made the table neat and spread it with those toothsome dainties that presiding elders love. I could fancy the good man in the clean best bedroom, after he had removed the shining pillow-shams (if he thought to do it), and had, for a night, gone to those blissful regions where committees cease to trouble and presiding elders are at rest.

Then, in fancy, I followed the dear little "home-body" to her clean but shameless pillow, and found her planning, in her own quiet little head, to visit those new people the first spare minute, to send Tommy round to the organist's with that new song that Miss W. admired, to send one of Miss Haver-gal's comforting little books to poor Aunt Grey who is sick, and then dropping off to sleep with a prayer for her dear husband's people and his work.

Polity, is this? Was it polity that made the Princess of Wales wear a green dress embroidered with shamrocks, to help draw back to her husband the wavering loyalty of the Irish people? Well, if it was, it was a very good kind of polity.

To be sure, the pastor's wife should be neat, for, since Wesley's day, she charge that "altars spoil our houses," has sometimes been made, and as often answered by many clean, bright parsonages, that, in spite of being in a sense hotels, are, nevertheless, in the truest sense, Christian homes.

But neatness is not the only thing. We have, all of us, known people who were patterns of neatness and economy, who were, notwithstanding, no more lovable than the multiplication table. What, it seems to me, the young minister need in a wife, is a woman whose heart is so good, and whose piety is so genuine, that people will and must love her; and love, we know, covers a multitude of faults.

I cannot but have an ideal of pure domesticity held up for our young preachers' wives. Our good elder seems to hold up a kind of negative ideal. God's servant of old told the people, "This do and thou shalt live," but this modern servant seems to imply, do not be "too eloquent," do not read "fine papers," do not "manage societies," and thou shalt live and thy husband.

It seems to me, as I wrote in another paper, that the ambassador's wife cannot be wholly a private and irresponsible individual without serious loss and harm to her husband's work. But, while this is true, home need not be neglected, but be all the more carefully and successfully managed because of the quick eye and kindly sympathy that come from sharing other interests and other lives. I believe, if we could ask the Master about it, He would say, "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

THE THOUGHT OF FOOLISHNESS.

BY S. M. PALMER.

"The thought of foolishness is sin." How safe we should be if we allowed no idle, useless, unprofitable, foolish thought to tarry at all in our minds! To everything there is a beginning. The inebrat began to drink, the atheist began to doubt, the lukewarm to grow cold, the licentious to err, the blasphemous to swear, the liar to perjure. These all, perhaps, began to go wrong by a single thought of foolishness. The grand Mississippi and magnificent Amazon had their beginning like all rivers in a tiny spring or rill.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The blackest criminal of to-day was once an innocent babe as ever was born, or nursed upon a mother's breast. He began the thought of foolishness, and where is he now? It is utterly unsafe to think about, or dwell upon, evil. Every fly that the spider has wound into a helpless ball, has been caught at first by a minute gossamer thread. The numberless and disastrous fires in the world generally start from a spark that is a spoonful of water would extinguish. The grace of God is as free and plentiful as water, and puts out evil as readily as water does fire. O reader, Christian, apply it freely as the first thought of evil touches you!

A case in point, of which I had intimate knowledge, is that of a prominent member of the church who fell most lamentably. In explanation he exclaimed most mournfully, "I didn't watch; I didn't watch." It is the thought of foolishness—or of sin which is the highest folly—that makes the first breach in our defenses; then none can tell the depth of the fall that may follow.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." How guilty we are of wrong thoughts! How far-reaching they are in their effects! How they nestle in our bosoms as we are aware, unless the most vigilant watch is always kept! Let us be honest with ourselves in this matter and understand clearly that the Word of God declares that sin "even if the act is not committed. How few there are who would be willing to have their thoughts of even a day—entirely, all of them—revealed to their most intimate friends; and yet who is it that says, "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins?"

We need but to ask ourselves how much thinking we have done on every thing we have done in the past, to be impressed with the importance of watching, and guarding, and regulating our thoughts most carefully. When the

proud Naamaa went to the prophet, Elsha to be healed of his leprosy, he thought as to how he would do; and so we are ever thinking how this and that ought to be, and will be, and unless we are very careful and prayerful, foolish thoughts will possess us to our hurt.

Our minds abhor a vacuum—when are they entirely unoccupied? How much we know of their activity even in sleep! Let us, then, to avoid thoughts of foolishness, keep them well occupied with thoughts of good. "Wisdom (religion) is the principal thing;" let us think, meditate, study about God, His wonderful works, and, above all, our relations to Him now, as this will determine the condition of our eternity.

Matamoras, Pa.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Through weary days with darkness clad,
Through mournful nights of sorrow and
Tearful eyes, once bright and glad,
Grieving her loss.

The child she lost was fair to see,
Her bird-like voice in merry glee,
With gladness of a spirit free,
Made melody divine.

The mother dreamed a vision rare,
Beheld a child with radiant hair,
Descending by the golden stair,
Enrobed in silver sheen.

It was her child come back again
To soothe her anguish and her pain
With love and peace—a sweet refrain
Of heaven's immortal joy.

She pressed soft kisses on her brow,
Enraptured to her breast of snow,
Murmuring in tender accents low
The message of God's love.

Close by her stood a being fair,
With glorious eyes and sunbeams hair,
Majestic mien and godlike air,
And smile ineffable.

The mother gazed with sweet surprise
Upon that form with wondering eyes,
This seraph from celestial skies,
The guardian of her child.

"Who is this Angel Guardian, child?
This gentle, radiant spirit mild,
This Heavenly Presence, undefiled,
That's clothed in garments white?"

"O mother dear," the lassie cried,
"He is the Christ, the Crucified.
For you and me King Jesus died,
And I'm His little child."

The mother gazed upon that face,
That shone with God's celestial grace,
Only for one brief moment's space,
And she was healed.

All gloom and sadness fled away
Before His glance, which seemed to say,
"Before the dawn of heavenly day,
Rejoice forevermore."

Then while she gazed, the glory bright
Faded from her enraptured sight,
Yet in that vision of the night,
Her soul was comforted.

The Little Folks.

HOOKING APPLES.

A Story for Boys.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

(Concluded.)

While this "fun" was being enacted outside, Widow Parsons sat by the brush fire which the cool October evening rendered so pleasant, and said to Elsie, her little grandchild:—

"Yes, dear, you shall have a new pair of nice, strong boots, and a red cashmere dress, and a woolen hood, and go to school, just as soon as I sell the apples. Mr. Preston says he will give a high price, so few trees have borne this year. I am very glad it is so; I don't usually sell those apples. Your grandfather said that he planted that tree for the children, and every year he used to shake them all down, and invite all the girls and boys to pick them up. Ever since he died, I have gathered them and sent them round to the neighbors who have children. But I think this year God means them for one little girl whom He has sent me to take care of."

"You'll save a few for Willie Lyon, won't you?" said Elsie; "he always helps me over the puddles."

"Yes, Willie's a kind boy; he's always ready to run errands and do chores; he shall have a basket full of the largest."

"Willie," said Mr. Lyon the next day, "here's a basket of apples old Mrs. Parsons has sent you from what she calls her children's tree, but she says these are all that were left; some wicked person or persons have stolen all the rest. The tree was loaded down, which was remarkable, as the apple crop this year is a complete failure. It was a very mean thing, whoever did it, for Mrs. Parsons is very poor, and this year her unfortunate son has sent her his little Elsie to support. She tells me that Mr. Preston had agreed to take all the apples on the tree and give her a very generous price, and with the money she meant to send Elsie to school, for so far she has not been able to procure her decent clothes."

"What made her give me these?" said Willie, half choked with the tears he was too much of a boy to shed.

"She said Elsie had stipulated that a few should be saved for you, because you had been so kind to her, and she would not add another disappointment to the heavy one the child was already feeling."

"I can't eat them, papa, indeed I can't, they would choke me; there's some more of them upstairs."

"O Willie, it is possible that my boy would take part in anything so cruel and sinful? Mrs. Parsons said there were small foot-marks all over the garden, but I did not think that any of them could be my Willie's."

"They were not; I didn't go inside; but I was with the boys. Don't ask me to tell their names. The boys all think it's fun to 'hook apples,' but Ernest Blithedale said it was stealing, and that made me think. Is it wrong to 'hook' things? The boys all do it."

"That does not make it right, Willie, and I think you can answer your own question. Is it ever right to take what does not belong to us without the permission of the owner? Does calling a sin by another name alter its sinfulness? You happen to see the consequences of the wrong this time; but the wrong itself would have been just the same if it had been the stealing, or 'hooking,' if you prefer the term, of fruit from Mr. Spencer, whose orchards contain thousands of trees. If boys would but stop to think, they would know that 'hooking' was wrong from the pals they always take not to be found out or caught. And just one thing more: Do you think any boy, when he 'hooks' anything, believes in his heart that God who sees him is pleased with what he is doing? I think the answer to that question settles all the others."

It is pleasant to be able to add—for boys are, after all, more thoughtful than wicked—that the six little thieves to whom Willie repeated his father's remarks, made a collection of their pocket money, in some cases drawing it for months ahead, and by working for the farmers afterwards and Saturdays, managed to get together enough money to buy the shoes, the dress, and the hood in which little Elsie went to school when the term opened; and, better still, it was a long time before the farmers of that village had to complain of the boys "hooking" apples, or anything else.

For Young and Old.

Bills of Fun.

"It seems to me," moaned he, as he fled toward the front gate, with the old man behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

"James, did you give your paper of chocolate to your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma. I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is fond of reading, you know."

"Young Perkins—" "Ethel, in a few short days I will be far away." "Ethel (angrily)—" "How far?" "Young P. (desperately)—" "I know not—thousands of miles perhaps. To-morrow night I shall leave this house, perhaps forever." "Ethel (with interest)—" "What's the matter with tonight?"

"So you expect to go into the country soon, Miss Gushington?" "Yes," she replied, "we are to visit Uncle James, and he has such a delightful house, with the wide porch all covered with trellis vines and grape vines and berries—I can scarcely wait for the time to start."

"Mrs. De Silva is so poetical!" observed Mrs. Brown to her husband. "She calls her new dresses 'dreams.' A very good name for them," responded Mr. Brown, "for her husband always speaks of the bills as 'nightmares.'"

"Little Johnny has the habit of waking up every night in the middle of the night, and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him: 'Look here, Johnny, never want to eat anything in the night.' 'Well, I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept all my teeth in a bag of water.'"

"Wife, I wish you could make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring in a pailful of water, and a bowlful of coal, and an armful of wood, just as you used to do for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well."

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They ain't, eh?" the boy replied with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."

"A young artist who was displaying his latest work, a picture of a lion, barked at a lady, said to the latter's little boy: 'Don't be afraid, little boy, the lion won't hurt you. He is not alive.' "Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the little boy; "he don't look as if he was alive."

"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that the thought of you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."

Gems of Thought.

Hope never affords more joy than in affliction. It is on a watery cloud that the sun paints those beautiful colors of the rainbow.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he has picked up from the man who has a great degree, moulds the man.—Dugald Stewart.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky is glorified with its evening light, And fair broad fields of summer lie, Haug o'er with greenness in my sight; I long to know if scenes like this, Are hidden from an angel's eyes; If earth's familiar loveliness, Haunts not thy heaven's seer's senses. —Whittier.

Good resolutions are often like a loosely-tied cord, on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should be in a hard knot of prayer, and then they should be kept tight and firm by stretching God-ward.

While Reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, Faith is turning it into her daily bread, and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts.—F. D. Huntington.

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CONTENTMENT.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

I used to question vainly of the path
My footsteps trod;
But now I am content, and well assured
It leads to God.

I used to wonder why such weary pains
Oppressed my form;
But since I've found it is the Master's cross,
'Tis easier borne.

I used to dread with wondering, so many
Thoughts,
Death's slumber deep;
But now it seems, as to a weary child,
A blessed sleep.

I used to wonder what bleak, rugged heights
My feet must scale;
And if in food, or fire, or tempest tore,
My strength would fail.

(Continued from page 2.)

hortations and prayers, that the old-time earnestness and fire had not all departed from the church. Many of the sermons were grand, and rose to the demands of the occasion, and we said to ourselves, they are fully equal to any of the efforts of the fathers, in all that makes up a camp meeting sermon.

If we were to make any criticism, it would be on the tendency to make fine points in philosophy and logic that a camp-meeting audience would neither feel nor appreciate. The sermons that move the people are the need of the camp meeting.

We were convinced of this point from the constant reports that came to us from many who were working in the congregations—that they found large numbers were sinners, and yet they were not moved to go forward to duty. The results of the meeting can not now be estimated. Backsliders were reclaimed, cold and formal Christians were warmed and empowered, and worldly men, women and youth in goodly numbers were won to Christ, some of them from influential social positions. The real benefits flowing from camp-meetings are still numerous.

We have heard it claimed recently that a camp-meeting would pay if it were simply the privilege of the clergy to come together to preach to each other and labor together in earnest prayer and faith for the salvation of souls. Camp-meeting work becomes not only a stimulus in preaching, but in all the varied work of soul-saving and in keeping up the connectional bonds of the church. The Methodist Church is one, and her people have always had a fame for their eagerness of spirit and labor, but some of the old-time means for uniting have passed away. The former quarterly meeting and four days' meeting which used to draw the people from large sections to be a real inspiration, have passed away, but in the camp-meeting we have this means of union and inspiration still abiding. We also receive a quickening of the spiritual life of large numbers of believers, and they return to their church work with renewed zeal and become helpful laborers with the pastor in carrying forward multiplied revivals during the months immediately following the meetings.

The supreme thought with many may be that the meeting is a failure unless many souls are there saved; still from many meetings solitary cases have been saved which from a human standpoint would compensate for the entire expenditure, and secondary results have obtained which far exceed the gathering to Christ of many souls on the ground. As a church that has received great blessing from the camp-meeting, we are under obligation to make them a still greater force by intensifying their power and broadening their influence.

NOBLEBORO CAMP MEETING.

This meeting commenced Aug. 17 and closed the 22d. Wisely directed by the presiding elder of Rockland district, Rev. C. A. Plummer, well supported by eloquent preachers, such as originate down East in large numbers; fully attended by the people; ably sustained by a board of trustees, composed of business men who have the sole management of the finances; and above all favored with the Divine Presence, Nobleboro camp-meeting was not greatly inferior to the very best.

The attendance this year was not quite up to the average, but the weather and the preaching were delightful. The following brethren preached in the order indicated: D. P. Thompson, 1 Chron. 22:19, and Psal. 138:3; W. B. Jackson, Rom. 6:23; W. W. Ogier, 1 Kings 18:41; H. W. Wharf, Heb. 2:3; O. Ty. 47; Ex. 15:26; J. D. Payson, 1 Chron. 16:27; C. Rogers, Mark 8:36; S. M. Danton, Matt. 21:28; W. L. Brown, Psal. 117:15; L. L. Hanscom, Prov. 18:3; W. H. Crawford, Rom. 1:16; C. I. Mills. The agent of Backstop Seminary, Rev. A. Prince, was present, and in a few earnest words set forth the claims of this new healthy and growing child of our Conference.

Bro. Crawford, of Pittsfield, spoke of the church in that place as being in need of help; and Bro. Brown called attention to certain heroic brethren and sisters on the Walboro charge, who are endeavoring to secure for themselves a place of worship. Oh, for such a consecration on the part of our people as would turn all the marvelous wealth of our church into its proper channel! Then none but the needy would call for help, and none would call in vain.

S. L. HANSCOM, Sec.

TO THE FRONT.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

The nation's dead hero so lately buried was distinguished for the ability displayed in pressing to the front, as well as in the discipline of his army and the strategy displayed in the disposition of his forces. "All quiet on the Potomac," was the standard morning telegram in the daily papers of the country for months under the generalship of McClellan. No such telegrams came from the army under Grant. In his farewell address to his army he said, "Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dwarf the last of the world's past military achievements, and will be the proud precedent in the defense of liberty and right in all time to come." It was in his eagerness to attack the enemy in his strongholds as well as in his positions that his great strength shone. This untiring activity, this ceaseless warfare, inspired hope in the country, courage in the army, and fear in the enemy. It was a guarantee of victory that the nation's darkest hour.

What the temperance forces learn wisdom from his example? Does not every earnest interest of humanity and religion lead them to the front, to force the issue between the rum power and the people of this country? Does not the success of the church of Christ as a mis-

sionary agency demand a decisive battle?

The Dark Continent is now an object of special importance to the Christian world. Missionary money, prayer and life are pouring into Africa in the name of Him who came to save that which was lost. For such effort the call is imperative. "Go," is the command. But is there not another falling on the ear to-day—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord?" Hear the statement of M. and Mlle. Mabile, in letters from South Africa, Morija, Basutoland, July 1, 1885, and decide whether duty calls or not—

"Brandy is being literally poured into the country. Surely Government cannot know what is going on, and the rule that is starting us in the face, or some other would be done to help us. Oh, cannot England save these poor people from the unprincipled men who are doing their utmost to destroy the good which the Gospel had done to the Basutos? All the chiefs have become drunkards with one or two exceptions, and have begun a system of eating up their subjects which is most distressing. Colonel Clarke is doing his utmost, but seems to have no power. How and where will it end?"

ADELE MABILE.

"You will like to hear that we have begun a temperance work, a crusade against the use and abuse of brandy and such like, and we have already a goodly number of people who have taken the pledge. We have to fight this strong enemy in the members of our congregations. There are white men in the country, doctors and merchants, who tell the people that this poison is good for the health, and a sure remedy against sickness. Oh, the white man's evil influence upon the natives here! We have not all our missionary brethren on our side. They see evil, but do not seem to understand the strength we have to fight against the drink, when we are able to preach against it by our own example. I hope, however, they will gradually fall in with us."

ADOLPHE MABILE.

A recent writer from Africa has said of the natives in the Congo country that "about the only thing they will trade for is whiskey." Boston sent a vessel to Africa in 1833 in which two millionaires sailed and the cargo Medford rum. Isn't it about time that Vicksburg was taken? About time that the moderation and license intrenchments were stormed? About time that all governmental aid, state and national, was forever removed? About time that the clauses in our statutes which allow the manufacture of liquors "for exportation" were stricken out? Who are loyal to Christ in this conduct? Is Dr. Curry right in his recent assertion that "in this controversy all that are not actually contributing to the interests of temperance are practically working against it?" Before the serried ranks of this reform, the intrenchments of this "abomination that maketh desolate" must give way if they attack them as David did Goliath of Gath in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

Onward, workers, onward to the front! Push the battle; strike the enemy's front, or right or left flank; but strike hard blows.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR MISSIONS FOR 1885.

What is the prospect? Let us figure up a little, and peer into the future as far as we can. Our object is to secure One Million Dollars for Missions in the calendar year 1885. We submit the following

STATEMENT.	
Cash received from January 1 to August 1, 1885.	\$415,730.45
The Fall Conferences raised last year (and certainly no charge, or district, or Conference will fall behind last year at such a time as this).	300,000.00
John M. Phillips, treas. of the Missionary Society, has in his hands easily convertible securities which he has received from estates this year.	40,000.00
We have received unconditional pledges of increase from presiding elders and pastors amounting to.	50,000.00
Pledges have been made on what we call "The Last End \$100,000" amounting to.	12,700.00
Rev. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, is supporting many schools in Japan, China and India, for the benefit of which he will place in our treasury this year.	13,000.00
Total in sight.	\$831,430.45
Needed yet to bring the total for 1885 up to a million dollars.	168,569.55
	\$1,000,000.00

Now, if the Fall Conferences should all come up to the Million-Dollar line, we would have \$100,000 more to add to this sum, and the balance of \$68,569.55 would be all we should lack of our million.

You observe, however, in this statement, that we are counting certainly only upon those who have unconditionally promised to succeed in raising their million-dollar apportionment. And why may not all succeed?

We must not wait to see whether every pastor, and every presiding elder, and every Sunday-school superintendent will respond favorably to this appeal. We who believe that One Million for Missions ought to be raised annually, and can be raised this year as a beginning, must ceaselessly work on until midnight of December 31, 1885. What comes into the treasury between November 1, 1885, and January 1, 1886, will count in the next fiscal year of the Society, but it will also count in the calendar year 1885.

Do not criticize! Do not fear reaction! Do not say anything about spasmodic giving. Let a wave of holy enthusiasm sweep through the host of God. Let twelve thousand pulpits portray in burning words the mighty work already accomplished. Tell the church we have four thousand five hundred laborers in the field now, and we want to add a thousand to this number. After the missionary sermon is preached, full of

history, fact and statement, and above all, of the Holy Ghost, let there be thorough, patient canvass to find the last man, and the last woman, and the last child who has sworn allegiance to the King of Glory, and who wants to see the Gospel reach over the world, and to the command of our ascended Master, that the charge so often made that a million of Methodists give nothing for missions may be no longer true. In such a work surely the ambassadors of the Lord Jesus can afford to be patient and persistent.

And, behold our Sunday-school army! Can we not rely upon twenty-one thousand Sunday-school superintendents, with their magnificent army of a quarter of a million officers and teachers, and one million seven hundred thousand scholars, to unite with one heart to make this effort completely successful?

Bishop BOWMAN was the pastor of the church at that time. She has remained with us a devoted, consistent and useful member until she was translated to the church triumphant. She was a cheerful worker, and one of our most successful Sunday-school teachers. Her loss is deeply felt by the church and community. She was a member of the church at that time. She has remained with us a devoted, consistent and useful member until she was translated to the church triumphant. She was a cheerful worker, and one of our most successful Sunday-school teachers. Her loss is deeply felt by the church and community. She was a member of the church at that time. She has remained with us a devoted, consistent and useful member until she was translated to the church triumphant. She was a cheerful worker, and one of our most successful Sunday-school teachers. Her loss is deeply felt by the church and community. She was a member of the church at that time. 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ZION'S HERALD

FOR THE YEAR 1886.

Fifteen Months

FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

Let the Canvass Commence at Once.

The paper will be sent from October 1st the remainder of the year free to all New Subscribers who subscribe for one year.

When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1887.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and January 1.

The price of subscription can be paid to the preacher in charge, or forwarded direct to the publishing office, by post-office orders or bank checks; or, when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

We hope every minister will announce this offer to his congregation, and secure an increase of the number of subscribers to ZION'S HERALD on his charge.

Lists will be sent immediately to all the preachers.

Will each reader of the paper inform his neighbor, who may not be a subscriber, of our offer? ZION'S HERALD should be read in every Methodist family in New England.

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cents per number.

Each issue contains a large amount of fresh editorial matter, and also articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.
Letters on business should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

(Continued from page 13)

Now in that very district the lumber for building must be imported. Stumps have disappeared, and the forest has given place to a wilderness of kine and sheep, and the horse-plough has helped to convert the wilderness into a land flowing with milk and honey. Not much metaphor about this. Wild bees made toothsome sweets, but we have not learned to love their products when flavored with buckwheat.

BLUE-STONE AND GOLD.
These non-fossiliferous hills consist largely of laminated blue-stone. New York and other cities draw increasing supplies from them, and must be more deeply indebted for good ways and plain paths in the future. "A shocking play on words!" perhaps, but it expresses the truth, notwithstanding. Wild rumors are circulated of a gold mine (!) in these rocky hollows, somewhere or other. The subject ought to be strongly accentuated, and will be by those who have "experienced" the visions, dreams and horrors of that financial deception. As a presumably "lamb man" - all the way from Gotham - we are asked our opinion, and give it oracularly. It may be worth something at other points on the Atlantic slope, and, therefore, at that risk, we venture to repeat it. It is that "gold may be in the neighborhood, but to get it in paying quantities it may be necessary to go down about five thousand feet, and that I don't think will pay!" What is the good of garnered wisdom if it may not be dealt out to those who need, and say they want it?

Preaching in these regions is thoroughly enjoyable. An occasional squabble with a rampant "Babbs" excites a little interest, but as for Tyndal, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer (these names should be steel-armored in view of their endless bawling), all their speculations are worthless as a rotten hemlock and dangerous as a broken ark. Infidelity's light is delusive as that of punk. Christianity shows the way to happiness and heaven as infallibly as the Delaware leads to Philadelphia. Bascombe and many another distinguished preacher is the offspring of this region. As for its sons who are famous lawyers and wealthy business men in York, Fenit, and other cities, their names legion.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.
Tuesday, September 1.

Two persons fatally and three badly burned by the explosion of natural gas in the oven room of S. S. Marvin & Co.'s steam bakery at Pittsburg, Pa.

The owners of the yacht "Paritan" officially notified that she has been selected to meet the "Genesta" in the America cup race.

Two sisters in Hoboken, N. J., poisoned, one fatally, through the mistake of a druggist. Taking of a dose of atropia by the druggist, after fully realizing the shocking results of his error.

Strike of the operators of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Galveston, Texas, for a reduction in the hours of labor.

Tom Davis, a well-known sporting man, murdered in New York city.

Reported decrease of the cholera ravages in Spain.

Wednesday, September 2.

The next annual meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science to be held in Buffalo, N. Y. Prof. E. S. Morse, of Salem, Mass., chosen president for the ensuing year.

Death of Miss Ella Holts, the second victim of the Jersey city druggist's terrible blunder. The druggist himself out of danger.

A reduction of \$2,879,052 made in the national debt last month.

Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, of Rochester, N. Y., elected president of Vassar College.

Formal opening of the New England Fair at Bangor, Me.

Upwards of 82,000 deaths from cholera in Spain since the outbreak of the disease.

Occurrence of serious rioting in Galway, Ireland, the mob being finally dispersed by the police and military.

The remains of Admiral Courbet finally buried at Abbeville, France, his native place. One hundred and forty Prussians just expelled from Warsaw.

Thursday, September 3.

Six persons drowned at Oshkosh, Wis., by the upsetting of a boat in which they were sailing.

Four miners killed and six others badly injured while descending the Oshkosh shaft at Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Five hundred Chinese driven from the camp at Rock Springs, Wyo., into the mountains by white miners in the Union Pacific Railroad company's coal pits. Twenty-five houses in Chinatown burned to the ground.

Wreck of the Allan mail steamer "Havarian" on the Newfoundland coast at Port au Port. All on board saved. The vessel a total loss.

The cholera still spreading in Toulon.

Friday, September 4.

The details of the anti-Chinese riot at Rock Springs, Wyo., worse than at first reported. Thirty Chinamen probably killed, and one hundred houses burned.

Grounding of the steamer "Alicia A. Washburn," from Tampa for New Orleans, in St. Joseph's Bay during a cyclone.

Dedication of the magnificent school-house presented to the town of Fairhaven, Mass., by Mr. Henry H. Rogers of New York.

Occurrence of an engagement near Lima, Peru, between the Caceres and government troops, in which the latter were routed.

Execution of the notorious Don Pedro Preston in Aspinwall.

Continued decrease of the mortality record in the cholera-infected districts of Spain.

Saturday, September 5.

The labor troubles on the Welsh road assuming a threatening aspect, and a strike in prospect along the whole Southwestern system.

Death of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., at his home at Irvington on the Hudson.

Federal troops sent to the scene of the disturbance at Rock Springs, Wyo.

Occurrence of a \$100,000 fire in Oshkosh, Wis.

Reported defalcation in one of the departments of Jordan, March & Co. of this city to the amount of \$175,000.

A new ministry formed in Brazil.

The Princess Kung of China reported as converted to Christianity.

No signs of abatement in the cholera epidemic in Toulon, France.

Sunday, September 6.

Death of Major Aaron Stafford, the last surviving officer of the war of 1812, in Waterville, N. Y.

The lively stable of Lewis Gray in Portland, Me., destroyed by fire. Twenty-three horses burned to death. Property loss nearly \$20,000.

Removal of the cattle on the government reservations in Texas in conformity with the President's proclamation.

Occupation of Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, by the Germans. Intense excitement, a mob gathering in front of the German embassy. The building attacked, and the cost of arms torn down dragged through the streets to the Tientsin Club, where it was burned in front of the office of the minister of the interior. The troops ordered out, and the rioters finally dispersed. An ultimatum sent to Germany by Spain requesting the evacuation of the Caroline Islands.

Burning of Marx's drapery stores in Nantes, France, entailing a property loss of \$600,000.

Decrease in the mortality from cholera in both Spain and France the last two days.

An annual excursion to the White Mountains for the citizens of Ipswich and the surrounding towns, bids fair to be perpetuated as a "fixed institution."

We learn that our vigilant friend, Bro. Wilcomb, is arranging for another annual excursion to the White Mountains, to leave Sept. 22. This excursion is designed not only to accommodate the people of Ipswich, but Chelsea, Lynn, Salem and Newburyport. In other years these excursions have afforded a very favorable opportunity to take a trip to the mountains at a small expense. No doubt the arrangements will be such this year, that the occasion will be as enjoyable as in previous years. For full particulars address Mr. Frederick Wilcomb, Ipswich, Mass.

The Convenience of sending goods by mail or express is well known by LEWANDOS' FRIENDLY HOME, 11 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, U.S.A.

If there is life in the bulbs, Parker's Hair Balsam will promote a new growth of hair. It costs but little to try it. 50c.

HAY FEVER. I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever for many years and have tried various remedies without doing any good. I read of the many wonderful cures of Ely's Cream Balm and thought I would try one. It was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel entirely cured. It is the greatest discovery ever known or heard of. - DUBUQUE, ILL., Mr. Lee, Mass. Price 50c per box.

Church Register.

RECORD CALENDAR.

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness every Monday, at 3 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall, Groveland, N. H. Camp-meeting, Sept. 7-11. Anson Camp-meeting, Sept. 12-16. Freeman Centre Camp-meeting, Sept. 17-20.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.
LAWTON DISTRICT - SECOND AND THIRD QUARTERS.
SEPT.
Sept. 10, 20; 30, 40.
Oct. 10, 20; 30, 40.
Nov. 10, 20; 30, 40.
Dec. 10, 20; 30, 40.

PORTLAND DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.
Sept. 10, 20; 30, 40.
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Nov. 10, 20; 30, 40.
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NEWBURYPORT DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.
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ROCKSPRING DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.
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WATSON DISTRICT - SECOND QUARTER.
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DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases. "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." Mrs. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

"Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Nature's Remedy.

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Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

The most effective combination of a pure tonic, wholesome laxative, refreshing febrile and powerful anti-bilious agent at present known. It affords immediate and permanent relief in cases of chronic constipation, indigestion, stomach complaint, nervous depression, fevers, headache, heartburn and flatulency. Its pleasant taste and certain action make it a favorite household remedy.

Sold by all Druggists.

"WOOD'S" PURE
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

HOME MILLS
ORIGINAL
BROWN
BREAD
MIXTURE.

A Self-Raising Mixture
of the Choicest Rye and Indian Meals.

READY FOR THE OVEN IN TWO MINUTES.

It makes a light, rich loaf of old-fashioned New England Brown Bread, which cannot be equalled by any other preparation. It never fails and requires no skill in its preparation for the oven. The success of the Home Mills Brown Bread Mixture has brought out numerous imitations, which are being offered for sale under the name of "F. M. HOLMES, BOSTON, MASS."

For sale by all Grocers.

C. L. S. C.
Required Books for 1885-6.

"The Chautauquan," published monthly, price for the year, \$1.00.

Books for Oct. Nov. and Dec.
Barnes' Brief History of Rome. price \$1.00
Preparatory Latin Course in English. 1.00
Class. Textbook in "Roman History." 1.00
A Day in Ancient Rome. .50

Books for Jan. Feb. and March.
College Latin Course in English. price \$1.00
The Bible in the 19th Century. .50
Pomegranates from an English Garden. .50

Books for April, May and June.
Political Economy. .50
Human Nature. .50
In His Name. .50

Books for the Garnet Seal Course.
This new Seal Course is designed for